THE

VILLAGER,

WITH OTHER

POEMS.

BY THE

REV. GEORGE PAXTON.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Poems frequently refer to scenes of domestic and personal distress, it may be improper to state that they were written during a long and painful illness; the Author equally unfitted for the public duties of his station, and the prosecution of severer and more serious studies, felt the want of amusement to cheer his solitude, and beguile the lingering years of severe and diversified affliction; and he sought and found it in the company of the Muses. As he tells no "pleasant lies," except in Logan and the three legendary poems, so he delineates no imaginary scenes of calamity; he sings no fictitious sorrows; he witnessed or felt all that he describes, even Logan is founded on facts, recorded by Mr Jefferson in his notes on Virginia.

The Author can truly say this little volume has accomplished the purpose for which it was

originally composed; and if any who dwell in the house of mourning shall, in perusing it, feel their sorrows alleviated, or, instead of repining at their personal or domestic calamities, be encouraged to seek for relief in the resources of their own minds, in the beauties of Nature, and above all in the consolations of true religion, some little service will be rendered to mankind by its publication. In this hope it is now offered to the public, and the Author trusts, that should the candid Critic at any time think it worthy of his notice, he will find nō doctrine taught, no moral principle inculcated, but what is agreeable to reason and scripture.

ERRATA.

VILLAGER, PART FIRST.

Line 227, for steels, read steals.
l. 239, for ssailing, read assailing.
l. 238, for boy, read game.
l. 289, for mother's, read mothers'.

PART SECOND.

Line 60, for wood, read woods.
l. 66, for rutling, read rustling.
l. 449, for during, read daring.

IN THE OTHER POEMS.

Page 251, line 9, for departing, read departed.
335, l. 5, for deform, read deforms.

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THE

VILLAGER.

PART I.

ARGUMENT.

Subject of the Poem stated; To recollect with pleasure the scenes of childhood and early youth, agreeable to nature;—Effect of fancy on well known distant scenes;—The village;—Village school;—Children on the village green;—Various sports there;—Evening diversions of the young village maidens;—Philander and Eliza;—Nesting;—Bird's cage making;—Expostulation against the cruel practice of confining birds in the cage;—Cattle grazing;—Summer, village boys in the woods;—amusements there;—The Fisherman—The late Sir George Hay M'Dougal of Makerston, Bart.; excellent character;—Anecdote of him. Address to the rich and great respecting the industrious poor;—Bathing;—Jessy;—Hay-stack building;—Advantages of exercise in the open air.

THE

VILLAGER.

PART I.

Vade age, et Ascanio, si jam puerile paratum
Agmen habet secum, cursus-que instruxit equorum
Ducat avo turmas, et sese ostendat in armis.
Dic ait. VIRG.

WHY turns the traveller on the distant height
To view the happy fields he trod so late;
To trace the streams to mark the roseate bowers,
Where lightly tripp'd away his morning hours;
And gazing feels his throbbing bosom burn,
O'er parting scenes that never shall return?

Why tears he from the vale his aching eye,
To urge his onward journey with a sigh,
Through lands remote that wither as he goes,
Till not a heath its purple bell disclose ?
'Tis Nature's dictate, graven on the mind,
To linger o'er the joys we leave behind.

Lives there a man on earth who lothes to view
The pure, the happy scenes his Boyhood knew ?
Who feels no pleasure when before his eyes,
The fairy forms of other days arise ?
Nor gladly shakes his cares and years away
To smile upon the elfins as they play ?
Who, when at length, they vanish from his view,
Waves not with fond regret his last adieu ?

There are perhaps, whom simple scenes like these,
From dark oblivion call'd have ceas'd to please ;

Who view their dawning life with careless eye,
And scorn to yield the homage of a sigh.
But other joys than yours, ye scornful few,
Delight my soul to Nature's dictate true.

Ye blissful scenes, to musing Fancy dear!
Accept the tribute of the Poet's tear;
Attend the song my heart so warmly pours,
For still my heart your guiltless joys adores,
Though your bright haunts I ne'er shall visit more,
The sylvan Muse shall taste the sweets of yore;
Shall wake with all her skill the Doric reed,
And sing the village boy on silver Tweed,
Where his broad stream with softly soothing tones
Cheers the delightful fields, M'Dowgal owns.

The humble village rises to my view,
Where dawning life's untainted bliss I knew;

I hear the murmuring of its rushy stream,
Which glanc'd so sweetly in the morning beam;
I hear the Zephyr whispering through the trees,
The furrow'd elm deep groaning in the breeze.
The house-wife's lay, the shout of busy swains,
The clamorous children sporting on the plains.

Enraptur'd Fancy tinges, whilst I muse,
The distant landscape with her brightest hues.
The straw roof'd cottage smiles more clean and neat,
And clearer flows the riv'let down the street.
Surrounding fields are deck'd in lovlier green,
And whiter flowers the hawthorn hedge between;
The towering elms to loftier stature rise,
In sweeter tones the wandering Zephyr sighs.

But, hark! that murmuring noise from fifty throats,
Which ceaseless from the low-built cottage floats.

'Tis sturdy village boys confin'd at school,
Hoarse muttering o'er their book or puzzling rule.
See through the casement one with wishful gaze,
The silent street or desert green surveys.
By cruel fate another sorely cross'd,
Sits musing on the game he lately lost.
His neighbour's vacant eye around him strays,
While with his tatter'd book another plays.
Now this with busy knife the table pares,
Or sternly brave his boisterous rival dares.
Now that his writing blurs, or spoils his quill,
Or fiercely growls, The clock is standing still;
Horn book, the while, of stern and sapient face,
Stalks slow and solemn o'er the middle space;
Waves o'er their shrinking head the dreadful taws,
And bawling loud and oft each urchin awes.
The clock strikes twelve; the welcome sounds they greet,
Nor stop nor stay, they start from every seat;

In glad confusion throng the dusty floor
And think of irksome books and tasks no more.
Forth rush the clamorous fry o'er all the green,
Their faces flush'd with health, their spirits keen;
With niggard care the nimble hours employ,
And all their playful souls resign to joy.
So when the skies the summer sunbeam warms;
The crowded hives dismiss their numerous swarms.
The signal given, fast, fast the nations pour
And sport in joyous mazes round the door,
Thicker and thicker still the myriads come,
And loud and louder grows the cheerful hum.
Their dark and narrow cell in haste they leave,
On glittering wing the balmy sky to cleave.
In airy circles round the hive they wheel,
And tell their lingering tribes the bliss they feel;
Then seek in eager flight the flowery meads,
Or lofty bough, as whim or instinct leads.

HAPPY the village boy! he owns a frame
Strong as the blast and active as the flame,
Health, blooming health, sits laughing on his cheek,
His ardent eyes unceasing pleasure speak.
Starting from sleep he hails the rising sun,
Eager and glad as he his race to run,
The live long day from scene to scene he flies;
Still new delights the shifting scene supplies.
No care distorts his brow, his heart corrodes,
Save when to school his lingering way he plods.
Blithe as the linnet warbling on the spray,
He careless sings the jocund hours away;
Nor dreams of change; but trusts each circling year,
With joys for ever young his heart shall cheer;
Nor can believe that other hopes and fears,
Shall rule his soul in life's maturer years;
Turns on th' ascending sun a dauntless brow,
And mocks the fiercest beams that round him glow.

Scorns the grim fury of the driving rain,
Or wintry storm that sweeps the lifeless plain.
His fainting soul the streaming rills restore
And crumbs of hard brown crust he asks no more.

Now pant the gathering youths for martial fame;
And "Englishmen and Scotch," the fav'rite game,
Two chosen chiefs divide the gallant band
To guard the borders of their native land.
Behind the line, the mimic baggage lies,
Afar, in tempting heaps, the victor's prize.
Fierce in the van the intrepid chief appears,
Defies the foe, the faithful trooper cheers;
The word is given, the closing ranks engage,
Kindles o'er all the field the battles rage;
They tug, they strain, they rush upon the prey;
Seize the lorn warrior, bear the spoils away;

Guard strict their lines; the wily plunderer eye,
The bold assailant bravely force to fly,
Lo seated at the goal the sturdy boy
That strove so long his rival to decoy;
Who, from his station when the foe recoil'd
Flew to the spot where hats and coats were pil'd.
But vain the attempt the watchful foe recalls
His scatter'd forces and the spoiler falls.
Sad and indignant now he sits afar,
His captor's scorn, and views the burning war.
Or pines his tarnish'd honour to retrieve,
Or chides his friends that linger to relieve.
Till through the ranks a venturous comrade pour,
And with a touch * the scowling boy restore.

So sung the Scottish Muse, In days of yore,
The fertile banks of Tweed were dy'd with gore,

* It is a condition in the game, that the captive is free if his deliverer can touch him and return without molestation to his party.

When fierce the chieftain led his plund'ring bands
To drive th' unguarded herds from hostile lands.
Soon as the moon-beam trembl'd on the Kale *,
The trump of war was heard along the vale;
Each hardy bord'rer knew the dreadful note,
Grasp'd his keen blade, the warden's mansion sought:
The hoary sire and blooming youth were there,
Alike the danger and the spoil to share.
All night the band pursu'd their fearless way,
But sought the lonely dell at dawning day
His veil of mist till Cheviot wide unfurl'd,
Or ev'ning lull'd to rest a prostrate world,
Then rush'd through devious paths upon the prey,
And swept the wealth of anxious years away.

† A beautiful stream, which descending from the Cheviot mountains, joins the Teviot a little above its confluence with the Tweed.

But if in arms the watchful foe they found,
The furious onset shook the trembling ground,
And many a trooper ere the strife was o'er
Sunk on the field, and welter'd in his gore.
Back to the gloomy hall their fathers' own'd
The victors speed, where festive tables groan'd;
Their days and nights to wasteful revel yield,
Till want or danger call them to the field.

The fierce rapacious trooper is no more;
Nor plunder'd swains their ruin'd home deplore;
No longer o'er the wild is heard afar,
The dreadful clangours of the trump of war.
In peaceful fields the shepherd wields his crook,
Or slumbers careless by the dashing brook;
Sits on the grassy hill's exalted brow,
And gazes on the plain that smiles below;

Or leads his happy flock along the heath,
Nor meets nor fears the ruthless band of death.
Deep in the sheltering dell his cottage stands,
Where oft in ambush lay the murderous bands.
Blithe on the mead his ruddy children play,
Where raged in savage times the deadly fray,
The voice of peace along the welkin floats,
The sheeps delightful bleat and call of goats.
From hoary mountains rushing cold and clear,
The mazy torrent soothes the listening ear,
Whilst undisturb'd the lark unwearied sings,
And o'er the desert sound a thousand wings.
But still the feuds of yore the sons maintain,
And fight their fathers' battles o'er again.

In this keen strife that fire begins to glow,
Which bears thy children Scotia, on the foe;

That might to nerve the stripling's hopeful arm
Which waves the hero's sword in wars alarm;
Britannia's laurell'd brow that nobly shields,
And shares the brightest palms in bloodiest fields.

His twanging bow the quiver'd archer drew,
And high and far the aimless arrow flew;
With emulous ardour oft the bowman tried,
Oft tried in vain, to pierce the elm's rough side;
Or sped with hasty step to yon green wood,
And mark'd the tree where billing ring doves coo'd.
Nor thought but how to share the feather'd game,
To save the wounded birds or how to tame:
His arrow flew, but spar'd the lovely pair,
Stuck in the branch or wandering in the air.

Now to the winds he gave the rising kite,
With flowing train high soaring in his sight;

With nimble hands uncoil'd the hempen clue,
And gaz'd enraptur'd as the Paper flew.

And let your play thing as she towers on high,
Toss'd on the billows of the breezy sky,
Pursue her flight, or drop her fluttering wing,
Control'd and guided by that long tough string;
She feels it not :—but let your soul abhor
To bid the beauteous dove or linnet soar,
With cruel cord to drag her to the ground,
Fast round her trembling foot or pinion bound.
Not ev'n the owl nor drowsy bat should pine,
Torn from the welkin by the galling line,
No : give her free and fearless to the air,
To rove at large, the boundless spaces there;
With guiltless eye pursue her towering flight,
And feast your bosom on the pleasing sight.

Strip, jovial boys, and hunt the sculking hare;
Fled is the tempest, cloudless is the air,
Mild is the sun, refreshing is the breeze,
Bright the fair snow-drop, budding are the trees,
Green grows the mead, and hopping on the spray
Gay flits the linnet, sweet her opening lay.
See, through the wood in mazy flight he wheels,
And halts, and looks, and to the covert steels.
Hark, the shrill horn; the deep-toned hounds reply;
Away they scour with loud and cheerful cry;
Bound o'er the green, search every secret nook,
Each bush and tree with eager prying look.
Up springs the mimic game; nimble and strong,
He gaily darts before the shouting throng:
Through the dim wood along the level meads,
Or village road, the hot pursuit he leads;
Whilst all his tract the vigorous hunters trace,
And urge through every maze the tedious chace.

The fainting boy now every trick employs,
Strains every nerve to shun the assailing boys,
Now sculks behind the tree, now stands at bay,
Now toils a few slow lazy steps away,
Till spent with toil the reeking captive lies,
And shouts of victory strike the sunny skies.

On yon close-shaven field, where cold and still
With lilies fring'd, clear Daffin * pours his rill,
The toilsome shinty calls the boys combine,
And form in close array the lengthen'd line.
Boy facing boy, th' impatient younkers stand,
Grasping their knotty clubs with vigorous hand.
Fix'd every sparkling eye ; 'tis silence all ;
A while they pause ; down drops the whirling ball.

* A beautiful fountain near Makerston.

At once they strike; the rattling clubs resound,
Swift bounds the flying ball o'er all the ground.

So rushing swift and black from polar clime,
The hail-storm rides on Boreas' wing sublime;
White on the roof innumerous hailstones bound
Loud pattering, and confus'dly dance around.
So sound the clubs, so mix the sportful train,
The ball pursuing on the crowded plain.
Now here, now there, it flies; keen they pursue,
Now slack the headlong chase, and now renew:
Here clamouring loud the mingling bands contend,
There in two long withdrawing lines extend.

See, tottering on his staff decrepit age
Creeps forth where boys in ardent sports, engage,
To bask on flowery bank his wither'd frame,
And add one spark to nature's dying flame.

Stretch'd by the well, beneath the summer sun,
Lifts his dim eyes and marks them as they run.
Pleas'd with the sight, departing life returns,
Shoots through his veins, round his cold bosom burns.
He vaunts with garrulous tongue how oft of yore,
From all the sturdy boys the prize he bore,
When they contended on the trembling plain,
Compar'd with modern boys, a giant train;
Then lifts his arm and waves it in their view,
Boasting the feats it did, and still could do.

The toiling parents too, as oft they pass,
Delighted view the contests on the grass,
Whilst each relates the speeches of his son,
With many a manly feat his arm has done;
Then fondly musing on the peerless boy,
Paints the bright scene of health and peace and joy;

Unfailing plenty round his cottage showers,
And cheers with Mercy's smile his closing hours.

Soon as the setting beam adorns the sky,
The village maidens to the woodlands hie,
In artless play to sport the twilight hour,
Till clear the lamp illume their mother's bower.
Their feet, how swift they twinkle down the glade!
How shines their snow white sheen in dusky shade,
How sweet their voices chaunt the simple lay!
See, now they join to chace the glede away.

When trooping birds the hungry glede descry,
With flapping wings they drive him thro' the sky,
Bird after bird assails the sullen foe,
That proudly moves along indignant, slow.
High in mid air they mount; then down they come,
And force the savage from their sylvan home.

But should he meet a straggler far astray,
With boiling rage he rushes on the prey;
Pounces the victim, wafts him to his den,
On yon high rock which towers above the glen.

Thus oft, at eve, the romping lass is seen
The timid fair one catching on the green.
Thus oft the village maids in close array,
With screams and laughter drive the lass away.
Their welcome voice the weary school boys hear,
And hail the sweetest sounds that charm the ear.
At once they start; away their clubs they fling,
To join across the field the female ring.
The happy throng beneath embowering trees
With tears of joy the rising Vesper sees,
And calls the lingering Moon of ray serene,
To leave her chambers and behold the scene.

Mean time the shaven turf with nimble feet,
In gay confusion mix'd, the younglings beat;
In chace alternate urge the gladdening strife,
Whilst every bosom swells with joyous life.

THUS, oft, as hoary matron gravely says,
Danc'd in the haunted vale the sprightly Fays:
Strange voices met the nightly traveller's ear,
Aghast he saw the green-rob'd people near.
Along the shivering stream they lightly play'd,
Swift as the lightening glanc'd along the glade,
To strains unearthly tripp'd the daisied land,
Or, summon'd to the march the fairy band;
In darkening troops they sped adown the vale,
And rang their silver bridles in the gale.
The sculking wanderer saw the riders pass
With noiseless footstep on th' unyielding grass,

And as they melted into sighing air,
With freezing terror heard their Queen declare,
Whose tender spouse, before the dawning day,
Or new-born babe, they flew to steal away.

'Twas here Eliza, thy Philander strove;
'Twas in those happy scenes he learn'd to love.
He saw thy form expand so sweet and mild,
And beauteous as the rose-bud on the wild.
He knew not why; but on thy bloom he hung,
With rapture drank the music of thy tongue.
He watched thy step, he caught thy beaming eye,
And all his heart resigned to secret joy.
Soon his Eliza felt the pleasing pain
Thrill through her bosom on the crowded plain;
Soon learn'd to steal with half averted eye,
The tender glance when her young swain was nigh.

Each circling year still found your hearts the same,
Each shifting scene still fann'd the generous flame,
Till Heaven approving saw and bade you prove
The sweetest joy design'd for wedded love.
Ah, fleeting bliss ! a few short seasons gone,
Eliza sleeps beneath her funeral stone ;
With ills oppress'd Philander o'er her urn,
Laments the joys that never can return.

On village sports look down, ye rich and great,
And spurn the trammels of your birth and state;
Those happy scenes were never meant for you ;
Bliss half so dear your childhood never knew.
Train'd from your birth in tyrant Fashion's school,
Ye look and laugh, and sit and lisp by rule.
Nor must ye mingle with the vulgar elves,
But sip a stinted pleasure by yourselves,

A sickly joy which mocks the fetter'd mind,
And tires, because unvaried and confin'd. *
But free as air the village children rove,
And all the good of life's gay morning prove.
Tho' mean their birth, they feel no splendid cares;
The pride of life is yours, the pleasure theirs.

The glossy songsters heard in every grove,
With vernal glee that sing connubial love,
Recal the school-boy to the lonely dell,
Where fearless in the roseate bower they dwell.
Forth springs the luckless boy to find the nest:
Hope lights his eye and pleasure warms his breast.
His vest unbutton'd floats upon the wind,
His yellow ringlets waving loose behind.

* The King of Navarre made his son, Henry the Fourth of France, mingle with the boys of his village in all their sports without reserve—and where shall we find his like?

His snowy breast imbibes the glowing ray,
The rosy tints on his dun cheek decay.
Naked his nimble feet; now callous grown,
The prickly furze they scorn, or pointed stone.
Light as the breeze he bounds across the mead,
And gaily hums: "How sweet her smiles on Tweed!"
And now her mimic power, young Fancy tries,
And nests and birds in brightening vision rise:
Perk'd on his hand the thrush and linnet play,
The lark and robin try their infant lay.
The tender dove sits cooing at his ear;
His prey the strong pounc'd hawk prepares to tear.
So lovely glows the vision round the boy,
So deep he quaffs the cup of rural joy,
That when the lark awakes him on the lee
He scarce believes the scene is yet to be.
Now nearer, sweeter, charms his listening ear,
The rapturous music of the kindling year;

Innumerous warblers meet his roving eye
Perch'd on the bush, or soaring in the sky.
Delightful choir! too soon your song shall end,
Your throbbing hearts the spoiler comes to rend,
Soon, soon shall ring the balmy cloudless air,
With cries of grief and wailings of despair.

See, how, with wary step and eager look,
Where winds through many a copse the tuneful brook,
In spreading bush or prickly furze he pores,
With smarting hands the tangled thorn explores.
Soon as the moss-built nest, 'mid twining sprays,
So soft and warm, the parting brake betrays,
The nestling mother stares in wild surprise,
Starts through the woven bush, and yields the prize.
The spotted eggs he scorns, or downy young
That ask their food with feebly-chirping tongue;

But if the vigorous brood their plumes display,
Bird above bird, and cowring start away,
He grasps the crowded nest with glistening eyes,
And hears unmov'd the parents' bitter cries.
Thick planted on the high and spreading boughs,
He views the hamlet of the noisy crows.
At once he strips and up the rough trunk toils,
Intently gazing on the future spoils.
The jealous tenants mark the coming harm,
And fiercely wheeling, sound the loud alarm.
Thicker and thicker still they dim the air,
Tumultuous, trembling for their infant care.
Louder and louder peal the screams of woe,
While fast he panting scales the tapering bough.
Joyous he gains at last the helpless town;
The sack begins; he tears their dwellings down.
Crash the dry sticks; the small dust floats around,
And nests, and eggs, and crows, bestrew the ground;

Mean time spread round the tree, now here, now there,
His comrades run the scatter'd spoil to share.
Mark on the giddy verge of that lone nest,
The raven's home a new-born chick distress'd.
There Colin plac'd his egg, and hop'd to bring
A bolder cockerel from the raven's wing.
Th' impatient bird a helpless orphan stands;
With mournful note the hen's warm plume demands;
Or creeps with feeble step the sticks around,
Now views the void and now the distant ground.
Loud croaks the raven from the neighb'ring tree,
Amaz'd and vex'd th' unsightly thing to see;
Its plaintive voice disgusts; the shape, the size,
The creamy down, torment his wrathful eyes.
Grieving to kill, disdaining yet to spare,
He croaks his doubtful purpose to the air.

The taller thorn and broad leaf'd plane disclose
The stock-dove's nest built on their spreading boughs;
A simple frame, unfurnish'd, mean and poor,
Nor aught besides a hard and twig-wrought floor.
So few, the wants of Innocence and Love,
So sweet and sure the happiness they prove.

How pleas'd she sits and cheers her tender young,
Love in her heart and music on her tongue.
Her beaming eyes illum'd with fond desire,
The kind endearments of her mate require.
Or gaze with jealous look around the wood,
Her tender bosom yearning on her brood.
The robber comes, fierce terror chills her breast,
She claps her wings; and, rushing from the nest,
Far, far behind her helpless young she leaves,
Shoots through the sky, the dusky vapour cleaves,

Shines in the slanting ray bright on the view,
Or swims a speck in heaven's unclouded blue;
Nor, as she skims the liquid paths above,
The admiring school-boy sees her pinions move,
Charm'd with the sight, for once, he quits the brake,
And spares the young ones for the mother's sake;
For harsh, the clown, would tear them from the vale,
And leave the sweet sequester'd bird to wail.

The soaring hawk above the tallest trees,
On quivering wing, the insatiate spoiler sees.
Fir'd at the sight, he seeks the cliffy steeps,
Where stern the bird his bloody banquet keeps.
High on the giddy rock's deep furrowed brow,
Where tufted grass or stunted bushes grow,
He hears the falcons in their ayry cry,
And views the towering cliff with wistful eye.

Now urg'd by hope, now yielding to dismay,
Yet longing still to seize the useless prey.
He mounts the pointed crags, rides on the trees,
Grasps the green tuft and strains the cliffs to seize;
Nor all intent to scale their beetling brow,
Heeds he the river wheeling dark below.
Rash boy, forbear; than yon sublime abode,
A dizzier steep the wild goat never trod.
These ruthless gulfs in frightful silence wait
To gulp thy mangled frame from that dread height.
In ruin's throat 'tis Phrenzy seeks the prey,
Which soon as caught she casts in scorn away.

Near the calm pool, fast sinking to decay,
An ancient ash o'erhangs the rover's way,
On whose bare top the starlings love to sing
Their cheerful sonnets to the genial spring.

Worn by the tooth of ever-circling years,
High on it's grey smooth side a cleft appears,
In whose dark womb their jetty young they rear,
Nor cruel beak nor warring tempest fear.
Stript to his shirt which flutters in the breeze,
The school-boy strives the tempting birds to seize.
His arm he bares and plunges in the wood,
And drags to light and woe the struggling brood.

His chirping family now, his daily care,
Their food, their cage, his busy hands prepare.
Their Cage! a simple frame of wands he took,
From willows green that fring'd the weeping brook.
Jocund he whistles as the work proceeds,
But heav'n-born Pity sees and inly bleeds,
Laments their cruel fate that soon shall bear
The bitter pangs of endless durance there.

What have you done, poor drooping captives, say,
Imprison'd thus to pine your days away,
There must you dwell, while glad your brothers fly
In yon unmeasur'd regions of the sky;
Sing your sad sonnet as you flutter round
Your narrow cell and view the distant ground,
The spreading tree, the bush or flowering thorn,
Where live your parents, and where you were born,
Where sing your brothers in the tuneful crowd,
The note of freedom, cheerful, bold and loud.
Benumb'd and listless on these bars you sit,
Or stretch a languid wing and slowly flit
A few short rounds, or beat with useless rage
The cruel barriers of your gloomy cage.
For ever fled the bliss, with heart elate,
To catch the glances of your yielding mate,

To taste on bush or tree connubial joy,
And hear your young ones chirp and see them fly.

Dear is the pleasure, thou hard hearted boy,
That robes a small bird of his humble joy;
Sings not that linnet sweeter on the spray?
Shine not his plumes more glossy trim and gay?
Why tear him from his native home to pine,
In hopeless misery some few days in thine?
Rob him of all to generous natures dear,
A heartless note to murmur in your ear?
Till pinching want, or prowling in the gloom,
A kinder savage come to seal his doom.
Luxuriant Pastures call; the Grazier's bring
Their herds to riot on the gifts of spring,
From niggard plains a scanty blade that yield,
Crowding they come and blacken all the field.

Surpris'd with sudden stores, along the mead,
Restless they roam and wonder as they feed.
The juicy herbage rich with many a flower,
The glutton herds to the brown earth devour,
Then on the foodless waste dejected stand,
With various plaint the grassy fields demand;
The fearless boy, impatient for the course,
His halter brings to guide the fiery horse;
The hempen lash or hazel wand he waves,
Mounts the wild steed, and all his mettle braves.
Wide fly the gates; and men, and dogs, and boys,
Urge on the giddy herds with clamorous noise.
The old slow-winding ox, grown young again,
His driver scorns and scampers o'er the plain,
Bellows with joy along the devious track,
His tail high waving on his shining back.
The full fed herd in gamesome frolicks play,
And shake with rapid hoof the quivering way.

Behind, before, commixing with the throng,
On prancing steeds the striplings pour along.
Panting on foot the playful young ones run,
Their eager faces darkening in the sun;
In every door to see the revel pass,
The smiling mother and the blooming lass.
The mingling uproar rings along the plains,
Of herds, and dogs, and boys, and village swains.

When sultry Summer rul'd the listless day,
And Nature sunk beneath his burning ray,
Oppress'd with heat the nut-brown school-boy hied
To cool retreats on Tweed's enamel'd side;
To moss-grown grot, dark wood or awful dell,
Where pensive Solitude delights to dwell.
In musing mood he trac'd her secret bowers
O'er-arch'd with leaves, perfum'd by circling flowers;

Where oft, they tell, immortal spirits rove,
When Evening spreads her mantle on the grove,
Where, heard afar, the sweet enchanting sound
Of heavenly music chear'd the hallow'd ground.
He view'd the songster flitting o'er his head,
Or cull'd the hare-bell blooming on its bed.
Reclin'd at ease below the chesnut shade,
Lull'd by the murmuring bee that round him play'd,
Musing, he mark'd the spoiler as she flew
With ceaseless toil, to sip the honey dew.
She scal'd the thymy sprig with hairy feet,
Or shook with hasty step the floweret sweet;
Of every cup explor'd the luscious store,
And rose with fragrant pollen sprinkl'd o'er,
From sprig to sprig, from flow'r to flow'r, she wheel'd,
Now hid among the leaves, and now reveal'd,
Till charg'd with yellow loads her little thighs,
She spreads her gauzy wings and homeward flies.

Oft as the reeking swains resounding stroke,
The solemn stillness of the forest broke ;
Loud, harsh, redoubling, struck the rover's ear,
He turn'd the crash of rustling woods to hear.

With moss-clad trunk and wide-extended boughs,
The ancient monarch of the forest rose ;
Far in the glen amid encircling hills,
His spreading roots were nurs'd by trickling rills.
The brawny swain, with never-ceasing wheel,
Urg'd on the tough hard tree his eager steel ;
That tree which brav'd the roughest blast that came
Felt the rude shock through all his ponderous frame ;
Quiver'd and wav'd, and yielded to the wound,
Then rush'd impetuous down and thunder'd to the ground.
The splinter'd arms deep gore the trembling sod,
Shook to their lowest roots the forests nod,

Faint Echo resting in her grotto's lone,
Feebly repeats the crackling thickets groan.
Where awful glooms prevail'd, the sudden day
Bursts on the shrinking eye with dazzling ray;
And burning suns their fiery deluge pour,
Where fresh and cool the Zephyr slept before.
Where towers M'Dougal's Mansion o'er the tide
Which spreads its waters glassy smooth and wide,
The stubborn rocks their iron fronts oppose,
To stem the placid river as he flows.
Nor firm array, nor lofty steep avails,
Their threatening height the mighty wanderer scales;
Wrathful he boils and heaves and bursts away,
Down the proud bank his foaming eddies play,
Plowing the hard rough rock with thundering force
Till deep he half conceals his furious course,

Oft on the brink the school-boy's ravish'd eye,
Drunk the broad stream which roll'd majestic by.
With solemn reverence on the torrents por'd
Which down their wave-worn paths careering roared;
Or, as with lessening rage they swept the vale,
Heard their hoarse murmurs on the dying gale.

See, that poor rustic on the jutting rock,
With whitening locks, brown hat and tatter'd frock,
With eyes like rubies, gazing on the flood,
And waving all day long the salmon rod.
Each circling season there he toils for bread,
The various tempest beating round his head.
Full many a weary day the boor has seen,
But wretched still his fleeting years have been.
Full many a rainy blast and sleety storm
Have batter'd on the Tweed his stooping form.

Nought he regards, if, with some drunken clown,
He can at night the day's hard labour drown.
Poor wretch! to toil when burning heat prevails,
When hoary winter's bitter cold assails
To shiver in the deep and gelid stream,
Where thick and white the snow-capt ices swim;
Unshelter'd, see the flakey tempest roll,
Then toss his dear-bought gains into the bowl,
Unmindful, though his wife and children mourn,
By pinching want and endless misery torn.
Better the sot had found a timeless tomb,
And slept unborn within his mother's womb,
Than thus the few short years of life to spend,
And die of want, unwept, without a friend.

Come, now, forsake the lawn and grassy seat,
To view the hoary warrior's lov'd retreat,
That, deep embosom'd in majestic woods,
Looks from the bank on Tweed's far-sounding floods,

Where still, the sabre girded on the gown,
In patriot ranks the soldier seeks renown.

M'Dougal †, form'd the deadly sword to wield,
The laurels reap'd on many a tented field.
In various climes, by various fortune tried,
The good, the just, the brave, he liv'd and died.
He came, his wanderings o'er, his labours clos'd,
On Tweed's fair spreading-fields in peace repos'd;
Enjoy'd the glory that his valour won,
And sunk lamented when his course was run.
Oft have I heard the smiling rustic tell
How by his arm the Gallic Champion fell,
Whilst o'er the tale the village fondly hung,
And prais'd the valiant Chief with artless tongue.

The vile assassin, clad in armour bright,
Inur'd to blood and glorying in his might,

† The late Sir George Hay M'Dougal, Colonel of the Scots Greys.

Rode from the Gallic ranks, with friendly mien
Across the narrow field the hosts between.
Each eye was fix'd the while, and every sound
Was still as death o'er all the hostile ground,
Save when the stirrup's tinkling met the ear,
Or paw'd the warlike horse, and laugh'd at fear.
To meet the seeming friend the warrior went
With guileless heart to know his strange intent.
The dastard Gaul, on his unguarded head,
Pour'd his deceitful fire; wheel'd round and fled.
A noble rage shot through M'Dougal's veins,
He spurr'd his horse, and gave him all the reins:
Forth leap'd his vengeful sword; he reach'd the foe,
Aim'd at his neck a sure and furious blow.
Keen drove the faithful blade, nor struck again;
The coward Gaul fell headless on the plain.

Oft have I seen the village children throng
To see the warrior as he pass'd along,
And curious house-wives peer from every door,
And bless the friend and father of the poor.

'Tis yours, ye Great, the humble swain to bless,
Whom niggard pen'ry scares, or toils oppress;
'Tis yours to taste and give the rest away;
And his with love and service to repay.
For this your wealth and power the Heavens convey'd;
Nor lives the man who needs no friendly aid.
How sweet the pleasure and how pure they prove,
Whose restless hand delights in deeds of love!
Who, like yon sun that gilds the etherial plain,
Illume the cottage of the lowly swain;
Who chace the settling fogs of heavy care,
And bid him breathe a freer, purer air.
No glory half so brilliant here below,
And none so dear and true that mortals know.

Think not the peasant wants a heart to feel,
That all is vile which russet robes conceal.
No; feelings great and good in hearts prevail,
That guide the plough or swing the weary flail.
The manly bosom of th' untutor'd clown,
Spurns, like your own, a tyrant's lordly frown;
But rarely fails at deeds of love to burn,
And wait the time to bless you in return.
He too from Heaven his form and spirit drew;
And if he daily toil,—it is for you.
Your chief support in peace, your shield in war,
When fierce destroyers yoke the blood-stain'd car.
His vigorous arm, your wealth, your life defends,
And all your grandeur on his love depends.
Then give him leave on your domains to toil,
And cheer his labours with a passing smile;

'Tis all he wants; 'tis easy to bestow;
The boon confer, and be ador'd below.

When, tripping thro' Makerston's rosy bowers,
Return with life and joy the cooler hours,
Across the lawny plain the village speed
To bathe their glowing limbs in crystal Tweed.
The limpid pool they seek whose sloping strand
The smooth round pebble shows and shining sand,
Where dropp'd with gold the creamy primrose wild
And cowslip from the brink look'd out and smil'd;
Where blooms the hip; aspiring woods adorn
The verdant brim, or fields of earing corn.
'Tis uproar all; fast rushing to the stream,
Some flouncing lash the pool, some strive to swim,
With vigorous arm some cleave the yielding wave,
The dark abyss, the rapid current brave.

As clustering ducks in every colour gay,
In reedy lake their wanton frolics play.
With flapping plume half rais'd above the flood
Wheeling in dewy circle swiftly scud.
Along, athwart, the sprightly chace they urge,
Or diving shoot below the sleeping surge.
Still as they stoop their painted plumes to lave
Trickles in big round drops the parting wave;
And heard the while a-peal of mingling notes,
As on with oary feet the covey floats.

So sported in the pool the village throng,
So rung their voice the winding banks along.
But, ah! incautious oft they tempt the tide,
Oft on its glittering surge they rashly ride,
Till plunging headlong down th' unfathom'd cave
The heedless swimmer finds a sudden grave.

JESSY was young and handsome, fair and sweet,
Blythe as the lark and as the breezes fleet;
No girl more beauteous on the green than she,
None joined in village sports with greater glee:
The sun's last parting ray was seen to burn,
When Jessy left her home—ne'er to return.
In Tweed's pellucid stream to bathe she goes,
While worn with toil the village sought repose.
Oft to the door to meet the lingering maid
The mother sped, and wonder'd why she staid;
Oft darted through the dusk a longing look
To see her Jessy cross the Daffin's brook.
She look'd in vain; by quick resentment stung,
Or sooth'd by love; by boding terrors wrung,
With rapid step she hasten'd to the flood,
Shot o'er the field and through the lonely wood;

Now trembling shriek'd, now call'd her Jessy's name,
And deeply listen'd, but no answer came:
No tread she heard, no sound of human tongue;
All, all was silence the dim banks along.
In anguish wild the woeful news she brought
To weary slumbering swains; their aid besought,
Flew madly back, adown the stream she found
Her Jessy's garments scatter'd on the ground.
Beneath a craggy steep o'er hung with woods
In dark abyss repose the sleeping floods,
The daisied margin bound with shelving stone,
Where smooth and clear the shallow water shone:
The lone recess from village swains remote,
With hasty step the hapless girl had sought.
Slow pass'd the currents with responsive tones
To eager queries or despairing groans;
No little star appear'd, no Zephyr sigh'd
While blaz'd the flambeaus and the boatmen plied;

Nor smil'd the Queen of heaven on aught below,
For earth and heaven alike were tuned to woe.
Long was the search; at last, the maid they found,
Deep in the still and pitchy waters drown'd:
Cold was the breathless dust as mountain snow,
Stiff were the limbs which bounded as the roe:
Silent the lips that sung so sweet a lay,
Where all the loves had just begun to play;
Death on her cheek his purple veil had spread,
Pale was the lily and the rose had fled;
Sightless and dull her eyes of loveliest blue,
Which lately shone like drops of morning dew.
Streaming and loose was every flaxen braid
Which Zephyr lov'd to finger as he stray'd.

Can I forget that moonless dismal night,
When lifeless from the deep she met my sight?

No! never, never shall I cease to hear
The shrieks and groans that cleft my shivering ear.
The frantic mother to the body clung,
The trembling father groan'd, and o'er her hung.
Oft they survey'd their child in speechless grief,
Oft burst the loud lament and brought relief.
Encircling friends the while in silence stood,
And pierc'd with anguish by the midnight flood.
Then sad and slow the lifeless maid they bore
Along the path she trod so late before.
Now Jessy sleeps in death (so heaven decreed,)
Nor blooms a lovelier on the fatal Tweed.

THICK swarms the village at the dawning day,
To gather from the meads the russet hay.
Soon as the morning sun his race renews,
And drinks in opening flowers the glittering dews,

The vigorous swains, inur'd to ceaseless toil,
Gaze on the humid fields, and gaily smile,
To see the labour of the rising day
Then smack their sounding whips and bear away.
To share the labour of the healthful year,
In jackets neat and clean the maids appear,
Fresh on their cheek the roses finest dye,
And modest pleasure beaming in their eye.
Slow from the field along the sounding road,
The waggon groans beneath its fragrant load.
The rustling heaps are pil'd the yard around;
The huge round stack fast rises from the ground.
From hand to hand the loaded forks ascend,
And maids and youths in one warm bustle blend.
Faster and faster still the builder plies,
A field and home the swifter waggon hies.
The farm yard heaves and smiles the happy day,
Come roll ye village boys, mid heaps of hay;

Bestride the reeking team, or in the field,
Rake the green sward or strive the fork to wield.
As oft they climb the loads and from the brink
Down tumbling in the wither'd harvest sink,
Rous'd from his slumbers on the yielding hay,
Tray views with roguish eyes the kindling play.
His puppy soul at once their ardour feels,
And up he springs, and starts, and barks, and wheels,
And starts again; now on the tumblers leaps,
Now scours away among the well-tann'd heaps,
Till tired with sport or frighten'd by the frown,
Or boisterous threat of some ungracious clown,
In some sequester'd nook he seeks his den,
And slumbering acts his frolics o'er agen.

O happy day of harmless joy and health!
More precious far than India's richest wealth.

How soon the nimble hours in tiptoe pass,
In jocund gambols on the shaven grass!
Fresh draughts of life the frisking boys inhale,
With all the odours of the breathing gale;
Keen, vigorous, firm, expands the youthful mind,
That thinks, contrives, and labours unconfin'd*.

Ye parents, bid them sport: 'tis Nature leads
The boy through scenes like these to nobler deeds.
Behold that feeble, shivering, pale-fac'd thing,
That seldom feels the ruder breath of spring,
Or tempts the summer heat, or winter storm,
Lest he expose his tender female form;
That must not mingle in the youthful strife;
A boy at birth, a puling girl for life.

* This couplet refers only to the physical effects of exercise on the mind, not to moral and religious principle, which must be nursed with jealous care.

But see, that youngling on the village green,
No storm that winter owns but he has seen;
No beam that shines but he can tell its force,
Nor blustering wind though e'er so loud and hoarse.
Mark the keen glances of his piercing eye,
Keen as the pointed lightnings of the sky,
His well-turn'd brawny limb, expanded chest,
His burning cheek with glossy ringlets press'd,
Already form'd on Nature's finest plan,
On every feature she has stamp'd the Man.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE

VILLAGER.

PART II.

ARGUMENT.

SKETCH of the scenery round Kelso. St James's Fair; Gleaning: Fox hunting—Smailholm Tower:—Horse race; cruelty of that diversion, and disadvantage to industry and morals. Fruits of Autumn:—Scots hole;—Address to Scotia;—The stackyard;—"Bogle" about the stacks;—Winter;—Sliding, and other diversions;—Snow ball on the green;—Cheviot Avalanche.—Bird catching;—Agricola, a true story;—The winter evening in the village; contrasted with the state of the shepherd and his family on Cheviot; with the winter night, as spent in great cities:—Fasten's Eve; cock fighting;—The sabbath in the village;—The whole poem concludes with an address to the Tweed.

THE

VILLAGER.

PART II.

How rich the scene the roving eye that lures
Where shines in ducal pomp the Princely Fleurs;*
Encircling woods of every leaf that shield
The lawn of living green or grateful field,
Smile on the plain, the steep aerial climb,
Or stooping from the brow of rocks sublime
Th' expansive streams of sounding Tweed survey,
And screen his waters from the thirsty ray.
Along the bosom of the laughing vale
The glassy currents of the river sail;

* The seat of the Dukes of Roxburgh.

Majestic, slow and broad, and deep they swim
To meet the Teviot's tributary stream,
Play round the wooded isles the flood has made,
Or linger still and silent in the shade.
Then roll with sullen roar their swelling tide,
Plow their broad path, the quivering arch deride;
Now rush impetuous on the rock's high mound,
Now dig below the yawning gulf profound;
Dark as the night and silent as the grave,
Explore the mountain's roots with forceful wave,
And wheel, and boil, and heave; but strive in vain;
Repell'd, they turn and slowly seek the main.

See the green hill where Roxburgh's fortress stood,
When Kelso's flowery fields were steep'd in blood;
Towering the Teviot and the Tweed between,
With mournful grandeur o'er the laughing scene.

Fall'n now the bastions whence the cannons throat
Peal'd o'er the quaking vale his thundering note.
The rampart heights where once the warrior frown'd,
And war's red banners wav'd with woods are crown'd,
Where foxes lurk or timid leverets play,
'Mid silent shades that mock the brightest ray.
Along the slope luxuriant thistles rise,
Where flash'd a grove of spears against the skies.
The smother'd vaults have sunk into the ground; 35
Dry is the moat; the walls are scatter'd round,
In ponderous masses, shapeless, hard and bare,
Which tell the pensive eye what once they were,
And what in future times the Fleurs shall be,
A ruin'd heap below the spreading tree. 40
On that proud height oft let me stretch'd at ease,
Beneath the shade of high o'er—arching trees
The mazy flow of rolling rivers trace,
Or pensive view the boast of other days;

The Gothic Fane whose swarthy bulk defies
The rudest blast that shakes the lowering skies,
And listen to its loud and solemn peal
Of mingling tones along the breeze that steal,
With deep and solemn swell upon the ear,
And fill the mind with reverential fear.
Thence turning rove to where the valiant Tar †
In peace repos'd from rugged toils of war;
Far upwards trace the Teviot's winding floods,
Walk his rich fields and ramble in his woods.
Inchanting vale! where Nature loves to show
The choicest gifts vouchsaf'd to man below,
Where crowding villas stud the spangl'd plains,
Swarms every field with sturdy cheerful swains;
Where Cultivation all his art employs,
And bids the hills, and dales, and wood rejoice.

† The late Sir James Douglass of Spring-wood Park.

Sees with success his every project crown'd,
And plenty shed on all the country round.

THITHER each circling year the swains repair
One leisure day to spend and see the Fair,
Their sickles ere they draw from cottage eves
To swell in harvest fields the rutling sheaves.
With hoarded pence and clad in country gray,
The village boys pursue their joyous way.
Short is the road; their youthful heart is light;
Now bursts St James's on their longing sight.
The river groaning with continuous freights,
To glut the plain and swarm along the heights,
The tented field, the glare, the ceaseless noise,
From bustling crowds enchant the happy boys.
The live long day with curious look they roam
And late and weary seek their quiet home.

The morning sun hangs o'er the ocean brim
In liquid gold and cheers the cottage dim,
When gleaner bands to yellow fields repair,
Among the shocks to pick their humble share.
The feeble matron now her distaff quits,
The chimney corner leaves, where snug she sits,
Twirling the long, long year, and old and poor,
Once more creeps forth to swell her little store.
The thrifty nurse is there, her infant press'd,
In peaceful slumbers on her burning breast;
While far before, and prattling loud and gay,
The blooming children sport along the way.

Thus when the arrowy beams of balmy morn,
In early spring the genial fields adorn;
When tepid airs breathe through the budding trees
Impatient from their cells descend the bees.

Crowding they come to taste the scented air,
Trim their light wings, for annual toil prepare.
Before the hive with busy looks they run,
Tempt the thin air and frolick in the sun;
Then o'er the field, in millions, wing their way
To sip the honey dew on flower and spray.

Spread o'er the shaven ridge, with poring eye,
And nimble hand, their work the gleaners ply;
Now sounds the challenge, First to fill the hand?
Mute every tongue; keen strives the zealous band.
Proud is the gleaner on that humble day,
From all the throng that bears the palm away.
Not more his joy the reaper's prize that gains,
In stubborn contest on the ripen'd plains.
Fir'd by some rival's fierce or taunting look,
Which swains on bearded fields disdain to brook.

He grasps the sickle, drives along the land,
And rous'd at once, pursue the jealous band.
The rural talk is hush'd, the rural jest;
Fond hopes of victory throb in every breast,
Before, the tossing ears confus'dly dance,
Where sharp and clear the sweeping sickles glance.
Mowing whole sheaves at once, the sullen swain,
Stript to his shirt upon the glowing plain,
The ridge bestriding wide still onward toils,
While raging heat around his temples boils,
In mirth or spite he chides the lagging bands,
Nor heeds the fretful master's stern commands.
When partial Victory hears his secret vow,
And binds her chaplet round his burning brow,
Across the ridge he darts a scornful eye,
And, taunting, bids his vanquish'd rival try,
In manly contest, on the bending field,
With reapers like himself his hook to wield.

Her drowsy babe the careful mother rocks,
With gentle hum asleep among the shocks,
Wrapt by her tender hand in vestments warm,
And fenc'd around with lusty sheaves from harm.
Her heart at ease, she hastes with dimpling smile,
On the rough ridge to ply the gleaner's toil.
With busy hand she picks her scanty share,
Her every thought on the sweet babe she bare;
Save when the husband of her youth appears
In Fancy's wakeful eye, her labours cheers.
Gliding the while from low'ring clouds on high,
As legends tell, the cruel Fairies fly.
Soon as they see the watchful mother gone,
Seize her dear sleeping child, and leave their own.
Hid in the neighb'ring bush the robbers wait,
With earnest heed, their wither'd bantling's fate.
Its peevish wailing cries the mother hears,
And runs its woe to soothe, to dry its tears.

Then if her aching breast the fairy drain,
Her lovely babe shall ne'er return again;
But subject to the fay shall ever dwell,
In heathy wild, lone vale, or bushy dell.
But if their shrivell'd elf the nurse abhor
Her blooming child th' unwilling fays restore.

The sun has climb'd the summit of the sky,
And resting from their toils the reapers ly,
Stretch'd on the ground the yielding sheaves among,
Around them wide diffus'd the gleaner throng.
Before the nodding corn, the restless boy
Grasps the sharp sickle, his young art to try,
Till oft with trickling blood, the mangled grain
And erring steel, his deep-gash'd fingers stain.

Oft in the gleaner's mind the downward sun
Unkind forgets his dazzling race to run;

Oft to his lazy car he lifts his eye,
And pines to see him loitering in the sky.
Nought in that languid hour, so sweet he deems
As, blushing on the cloud, the setting beams;
No sweeter note than of the cow-herd's horn
That sounds afar, on Eve's cool breezes borne.
When o'er the vault the lamps of evening burn,
The weary bands with plodding step return;
Each on his aching back his treasure bears,
The lengthen'd line a moving sheaf appears.
Silent and slow they wind across the lea,
Nor merry tale is heard, nor jest nor glee;
Their burden stack'd, they take their several way,
And lose in soft repose the toilsome day.

Emerging from the woods, and lonely dells,
And hazel banks, where wily reynard dwells,

The shining courser moves with stately pace,
And snorts and paws, impatient for the chace.
Far on the hill the clustering dogs appear,
And shrill and loud the horn salutes the ear,
Or chiding hound that scours with twinkling tail,
Along the tainted dews on hill and dale.
" The dogs are out," exclaims the village boy,
And shoots across the field with rapturous joy.
Nor home nor master more remembers he,
His inmost soul intent the chace to see.
The titled hunters glittering through the trees,
With chilling awe the bashful younker sees,
And shyly sauntering in some secret nook,
Steals as they pass a frequent curious look.
Along the vale the nimble children scour,
Dash through the wood and beat each sylvan bower.
Still as they spy the distant rising copse,
Their sanguine bosoms glow with brighter hopes.

Sullen and swift at last the destin'd prey,
Rous'd from his secret covert bursts away.
The hungry pack, fleet as the blustering wind,
Soon leave the breathless boys far, far behind.
To view the sport their bosoms panting still,
With hasty step they mount the neighb'ring hill,
Send o'er the boundless plain a wistful eye,
And trace the hot pursuit with grief and joy,
Till on the distant fields it disappear,
And hound and horn no more delight their ear
Short the regret; they seize the noon-tide hour,
To seek o'er many a field the lonely tow'r,
The Hold of Barons fam'd in other times,
For savage warfare and for bloody crimes.
Long in the dark and vaulted chambers snor'd
Sated with wine and plunder Smailholms Lord,
Whose ruthless deeds the tuneful minstrel sung,
Where long and loud the barb'rous revel rung.

There Desolation holds her silent reign,
Where swarm'd in days of yore the vassal train.
Their Lord, from his proud tow'r no more looks down
On helpless boors, who tremble at his frown.
Still o'er the country lowers, the hold afar,
But waves no more the scorpion scourge of war.
The beacon's watchful fires no longer rise
On hoary crags, and flash against the skies.
Thick on the moat which girds its rocky feet,
Where civil blood once smok'd the lambkins bleat.
The gates and walls are crumbling in the storm,
And lurid weeds the sinking mass deform.
Wan on the stony roof the daisy grows,
Or stunted bush its joyless foliage shows.
The blust'ring storms that dim the face of day,
Roar through the windows in the chambers play.
The roving swallow skims the silent halls;
The hateful bat hangs on the naked walls,

And in the sky when crystal planets beam,
The doleful owlet wakes her dreary scream.
Thither the ramblers fare with weary feet,
And view, with solemn awe, the lone retreat.
Some on the mount recline, some scale the wall,
Run up the narrow stair, shout in the hall;
Some from the roof the rural stream survey,
And stretching fields, to where the hills decay,
And Cheviot's azure summits proudly rise,
Ridge above ridge, and mingle with the skies.

The crowds fast gathering on yon distant moor,
The village boy from harmless sports allure;
He quits his wood, his field and rural song,
To dash into the bustling, Jockey throng;
Runs o'er the heath, with simple wond'ring face,
Pursues the moving worlds and breathless race.
The Race! inhuman sport; to see the steed
Reel on the turf, what heart denies to bleed?

With deep-gor'd sides and cracking tendon shoot,
Spurr'd, lash'd, tormented by the meaner brute ?
I plead for homage to your Maker's laws,
I lift my warning voice in Mercy's Cause.
The Brute has feelings too : in pity spare ;
He lives your pleasures and your pains to share.
The hard unfeeling wretch can ye abhor ?
Yet pastime seek even in a Courser's gore.
Claim ye to walk in heavenly Virtues train,
And yet appear where vice and folly reign ?
No : He who rules with sovereign power above,
Is God of truth and justice, as of love.
And this his firm decree, to man below,
" He finds no mercy who has none to show."
Untainted Virtue, Native of the skies,
From scenes impure averts her loathing eyes ;
His bloated form where blustering Riot rears ;
Where feverish hopes torment, or cruel fears ;

Where tatter'd Sloth his meagre visage shows,
And hopeless Misery waits the scene to close.

Come, village Boys, the gifts of autumn taste,
Shed countless, ripe, in field and lonely waste.
Yon cultur'd garden smiles with ample stores
Of every flavour drawn from warmer shores:
The genial sun with potent ray sublimes,
On bush and tree the fruits of boreal climes:
Red on the yielding branch the apple heaves,
The yellow pear looks through yon twinkling leaves;
Thick on its prickly rod, the melting rasp,
Strongly invites the schoolboy's lawless grasp.

See, how afar, he feasts his glutton eyes
And ardent looks, and looks again, and sighs!
One plumb obtain'd, how pleas'd the young one stands,
And turns and views it in his eager hands.

Smack his bright lips; he smiles and looks again,
And strives to save the precious fruit in vain.

Ye Rich, be liberal; sure enough remains,
Though ye supremely bless the little swains.
And who can speak the bliss it must impart,
To warm with such delight the meanest heart?

Child of the straw-built cot, no longer pine;
The garden leave; the desert fruits are thine.
To hazel bank and briery thicket speed,
And wild unfenc'd with merry birds to feed.
How pleasant on the hill at ease to lie,
When beams the harvest sun warm in the sky,
Picking the purple berries full and sweet,
Thick as the tears of morn around your feet!
While far below the glittering torrent rolls,
Or sportive lamb skips round the grassy knolls.

Or press'd by many a sheaf the creeking wain
Creeps slowly homeward o'er the ridgy plain.
But should the jetty sloe delight thee more,
Or scarlet hip, their native brakes explore;
Now thick they shade the venerable spot, *
Where erst encamped the stern and patriot Scot,
And brav'd the valour of the English host,
That stretch'd their lines along the southern coast.
O'er the deserted works, rough brambles creep,
Go, in their gushing juice your fingers steep,
Bid on your velvet cheek their purple glare,
And peal the laugh when doubtful comrades stare;
Or seated fearless on the giddy steep,
Gaze, while you feast, on Tweed's dark yawning deep.

* An old encampment, called the Scots Hole, near Makerston House.

A vast and horrid gap in rocks sublime,
Dug by the river from the first of time,
Where slowly steals away the drowsy stream,
And where the kite high-soaring loves to swim.
Now may you sit secure, for savage war
Yokes there no more her blood-encrusted car;
But roughen on the field the wheaten ears,
Where gleam'd in barbarous times the Scottish spears.
And gentle birds awake their peaceful songs,
Where your fierce sires aveng'd their country's wrongs.

Scotia, to me how dear thy dark-green woods,
Thy mossy riv'lets, and thy gelid floods!
How dear thy heath-clad hills and verdant plains,
Thy blooming daughters and thy hardy swains!

Though ever-settling clouds thy heavens deform,
And frequent howl the bitter driving storm;
Grim Winter long oppress the drooping year,
And thy domains a sterner aspect wear;
Yet still my glowing heart is fix'd on thee,
And thy green fields are sweetest far to me.
Land of my fathers! highly favour'd clime!
Bless'd of thy God from immemorial time!
The Saviour's voice on thy rough hills I hear;
I see his orient star thy valleys cheer;
Thy sons obedient at his footstool bend,
The reign of Grace begin of Darkness end.
Freedom's broad standard on thy hills unfurl'd,
And wond'ring at thy might a gazing world;
I see the good, the wise, the brave, contend
To curb the tyrant or his purple rend.

Many thy heroes, and of splendid name,
Who shine illustrious on the rolls of Fame!
Or met with dauntless brow their cruel fate,
Or burst the fetters of their sinking state.
His sword the mighty Wallace fiercely wav'd,
And long thy sons from English thraldom sav'd.
Thy glistening eye saw royal Bruce return,
And Edward foiled at deathless Bannock-burn!
But who can speak that brave and numerous host,
The Tyrant's scourge, the generous free-man's boast
Who nor by fraud o'er-reach'd, by power dismay'd,
The corner stone of Britain's glory laid.
But mark their every virtue in Argyle,
The great, the good, the honour of his Isle.
Who firm in days of awful peril stood,
And seal'd thy freedom with his dearest blood!

And long in his descent the Muse can trace
Of patriot heroes an illustrious race,
Who led the way when war's dread tumults rung,
Or listening senate shook with suasive tongue;
From Elliot's hand red thunder-bolts descend,
And at his feet confederate Bourbons bend.
Tow'ring and black above the foaming brine,
Where Clerk, and Victory led brave Duncan's line*
Swift on Batavia's chosen Leader bore,
And strew'd with shatter'd wrecks her frighted shore.
Astonish'd Egypt saw thy heroes land,
And, like Simoom, sweep the dazzling sand;
Heard big with fate the volley'd thunder swell,
And Britons mourn when Abercrombie fell.

* John Clerk, Esq. of Elden, Inventor of Naval Tactics, and, under Providence, the real founder of Britain's maritime glory. How well he was rewarded for his inestimable labours, by his grateful country, every one knows.

Ill fated Moore! the kind, the true, the brave,
Who vainly strove Iberia's state to save!
By Courtiers urg'd, by legate folly dun'd,
And still his march by cold Iberian shun'd.
His little band by numerous hosts assail'd,
He only fail'd where Wellington had fail'd.
A juster age shall place his honour'd name,
Emblazon'd brightly on the rolls of fame;
His well-earn'd glory brighter still shall rise
As passion cools, ungenerous faction dies.
Nor have thy sons forgot their Fathers' name,
Revolving ages find them still the same.
On thy brown heath unnumber'd freemen wave *
Their patriot swords, and Gaul's Usurper brave.
Nor weak nor backward is the Scottish arm,
When war's loud trumpet sounds the dread alarm.

* These lines were written before the Volunteers were put down.

When late the beacon on the sea-beat strand,
Announc'd the foe and glar'd around the land;
The kindred signals, with the lightning's speed,
Flew up the borders of indignant Tweed,
Spreading o'er all the dale their dire alarms,
Then instant ran the generous youth to arms.*
The horse, the foot, from all the country round,
Sped swift and fearless to th' appointed ground.
Complete the ranks: inflam'd with deadly rage
The hottest fight with Gallia's host to wage.
'Twas thus their fathers sped in days of yore,
To drive the "Southern" from their native shore;
Yet undiminish'd burns the patriot flame;
Chang'd is the foe, the purpose still the same.
Whilst in the field thy valiant warriors shine,
Canst thou not call sagacious statesmen thine?

*The false alarm on the east coast of Scotland, in the year, 1804

Canst thou not claim immortal genius too,
And bright rewards to various merit due?
Fletcher illumin'd high with ardent zeal,
Who felt but one desire, the public weal.
Can I forget? true to his Country's cause,
When venal courtiers sold her sacred laws,
To honour true; "brave as the sword he wore;"
Unaw'd by Power, unbought with glittering ore.
Thy Smith profound to listening nations show'd
The golden fountains whence their treasures flow'd
History beheld with rapture in her eyes,
The polish'd Robertson at last arise,
To gild with matchless art her useful page,
The splendid pattern for each future age.
When Newton ceas'd with men on earth to dwell,
M^c^ Lawrin caught his mantle as it fell;
Imbib'd the spirit of the wonderous man,
A double share, the rolling worlds to scan.

Lo, pensive Reid with patient eye surveys
The Powers of Mind, their secret laws displays;
Indignant spurns the Sceptic's dreary lore,
And blasts the laurel which his temples wore.
The learned Buchanan touch'd the Latian lyre,
And sung his sacred Psalms with Roman fire.
And is not Thomson thine? the sweetest bard
In flow'ry mead or bowery forest heard:
Thomson, the mild, the tender, and the chaste,
Her every sweet by Nature form'd to taste.
He look'd o'er every field, through every shade,
Each painted flower and chequer'd leaf survey'd,
The foaming ocean, and the starry sky,
And mark'd their beauties with unerring eye.
Thine, the resistless Burns, unhappy swain,
Who charm'd with potent spells his native plain;
Touch'd as he pleas'd with more then magic art,
Each finer chord that moves the human heart.

Still shine thy sons in Britain's splendid train,
The last nor in the field nor on the main;
In arts, in arms, in rural toils renowned,
With fairest wreath of genuine learning crowned.
For thee her bark see during Commerce guide
With every wind that blows, on every tide,
Wafting the products of unrivall'd art,
And seizing on the trade of every mart.
Thronger, and thronger still thy sailors roar,
And busier Traffic bustles on the shore.
See rising cities lift their glittering brow,
And cots, and hamlets clustering spread below;
Still fairer, thicker, each revolving year,
Surcharg'd with tenants, towns on towns appear;
The smooth canals stretch o'er the level plain,
To waft thy riches to the distant main,
Swim thro' the moor-land, climb the mountain's side,
Dart through the hill, the rapid stream bestride

Where slow and safe the vessel steals away,
While shepherds pipe, and lambkins round her play.
The farmer saunt'ring on his barren hill,
Feels in his heart congenial ardour thrill
He bids his flock in softer fleeces shine,
His plough-share trace a smoother, straighter line;
'Tis done; a richer blade the fields display,
Whiter the flocks on stretching pastures stray.
Green flowery thorns the boundless plain divide,
And snug neat villas rise on every side.
Deep wave the harvests on the gladdened view,
Where noxious weeds or idle mosses grew.
Its boldest, richest hues the garden shows,
And orchard bends with deeply loaded boughs.
Strong on the hills ascend the guardian oaks,
And blackening pines o'er-shade their native rocks;
The spreading wood the heath-clad mountain crowns,
Or studs, in circles green, the waving downs.

Thy favour'd Islet rooted on the rock
Laughs at the mighty nations' rudest shock.
Fix'd, in the surges of the boiling deep,
Each in his fortress safe thy children sleep;
Or hear the tumult of the gathering war,
Like distant thunder harmless burst afar.

But, O my Country, let thy sons beware,
Nor sink in guilt, and Heaven's red vengeance dare;
Thy soldiers' arm he scorns, thy tars derides;
Through paths untrod before the foe he guides;
For nought to him the surges angry roar,
And nought the rocks which gird thy sounding shore.
Th' Almighty speaks:—the dread command is done;
Reels into tenfold night thy noon-day sun;
The dreadful fate Germania long has known,
On hills of slain where Ruin plants his throne.

May He who sways the sceptre of the skies,
Regard thee, Scotia, with a Father's eyes;
His fostering wing still o'er thy children spread,
Still in thy lap his choicest favours shed.
Let honest patriots, fired with public zeal,
Yet muse and labour for their Country's weal.
Thy free battalions raise their vigorous arm
To crush each haughty foe that means thee harm.
Let equal laws thy happy children sway;
Fell discord, and misrule be far away.
And every Nation holy, just, and free,
But chief thy sister Isles, rejoice with thee;
With every virtue, grace and favour bless'd,
From all their wars, and feuds, and tumults, rest.

The big round stacks the sated Farmer cheer,
The rich reward of the laborious year.

Safe round the barn he views his ample store,
And hears unmov'd the rising tempest roar;
Sees the chill deluge drown his tawny fields,
And all his soul to festive pleasure yields.
Scarce with less joy the village boys regard
The harvest treasures pil'd thick on the yard;
Full oft the group with wistful eye survey,
And much and oft they chide the lingering day.

So gladly sees the wanderer from afar
The wigwam cones beneath the torrid star,
'Mid sheltering palms and bubbling fountains plac'd,
A welcome cluster rising on the waste.

Soon as the hill, and vale, and wood, array'd
In evenings dim and length'ning shadows fade,
When sprinkled o'er the sky, the clouds are still
And white as wreaths of snow which stud the hill;

Far in the blue the rising stars are seen,
With silver light, the dappled clouds between:
Soon as the spotted moon sheds her pale day
They haste at 'Bogle' round the stacks to play.
The beardless youth and rising lass are there,
And hearty boys intent the sport to share.
Fast by the tree the chosen captor stands,
Till closing stacks receive the scatter'd bands,
Then summons all his speed to seize the prey,
And round and round in jocund flight they play.

So have I heard, when midnight glooms descend,
The shroud of death departed spirits rend.
Their horrid shrieks the lated peasant hears,
Dim in the lurid cloud their form appears;
Shapeless and vast, swift riding on the gale,
Or like a pillar towering in the vale.

They come the wanderers final hour to tell,
To warn the guilty to the fires of hell,
Or seal with gory hands his fearful doom,
And hurl the wretch to an untimely tomb.

In ceaseless round the nimble striplings wheel,
The big round stacks their breathless flight conceal.
Then if a passing cloud bedim the sky,
They half afraid, to some dark corner fly.
There shrouded in the gloom of mirky night,
They panting stand and watch the coming flight,
On tiptoe watch to hear the 'Bogle' pass,
In rapid circuit on the rustling grass.
Now shifts the cloud, the stars in glory roll,
Bursts o'er the yard Diversion's frolic soul.
The captor quick and quicker pours along,
And swift and swifter flees the sportive throng,

While Laughter holds her sides and loudly peals
Her noisy mirth as o'er the yard she reels,
Till far in western skies the planets burn,
And warn th' unwilling ramblers to return.

Now long and black the glooms of Winter fall;
And nature's heart grim roaring storms appal;
Hoary and cold the stiffening robe she wears,
And fading fast the joyless sun careers.
Chafing his hands, the boor his labour quits,
And garrulous by the hearth the matron sits.
Forth springs the village boy, with ravish'd eyes
To see the winter lower and tempest rise.
The muttering blast is music in his ear,
The glittering frosts his ardent spirit cheer.
Soon as dismiss'd from sleep or irksome school,
Each day he gazes on the mantling pool;

Or marks with joy the snow-wreath on the hill,
And prays the nipping breeze were colder still.
The nascent ice he notes with ceaseless care,
Its glassy bosom and its strength to bear.
When firm compacted, clear and smooth it lies,
Then to the slippery board in haste he flies.
Thick as the myriads in the suns warm ray,
The happy children urge their various play.
The little boy from frozen cottage eves,
The glittering icicle with smiles receives.
The sword he grasps and marches o'er the town,
With soldier's swaggering step and martial frown.
Regardless of the grim and nipping skies,
Some hurl the stone loud roaring on the ice;
Some whip the top or wade the drifted snow,
Some down the crystal slide impetuous glow.
Hour after hour, the nimble squadron wheels:
Each younker pressing on his rival's heels.

Fast, fast they run and strenuous dart away,
In various posture, graceful, swift and gay.
Then if the rear the lingering van o'ertake,
Down goes the flying line upon the lake,
Boy heap'd on boy; loud uproar lifts his voice
In thunders harsh, and shakes the quivering ice.

See that sweet infant waddling through the snows!
With purple cheek and aching hands he goes,
Fast to the pool where mingling voices rise,
Nor heeds the savage storm which dims the skies.
Steps on the glassy board with timid heed,
Or slides an inch, and wonders at the deed.
Dear, prattling child, in these meek-beaming eyes,
The infant ardours for the sport arise;
These little feet which totter on the board,
One day shall lead the hot pursuing horde,

Fleet as the pinion of that boisterous wind,
And leave the swiftest rival far behind.
These tender hands, so cold and red shall fling
The stone resounding to the farthest ring;
That sweetly garrulous tongue shall, bold and loud,
Its manly accents pour among the crowd.

Whilst on the green the snowy deluge lies,
In pelting showers, the harden'd snow-ball flies.
Their prowess oft in fight the boys display,
And reap the livid honours of the fray.
But, ah, should Hornbook meet their watchful eye,
In every corner plac'd, with secret joy,
Aim'd at his back, their well-wrought balls they throw,
Revenging many a frown and many a blow.

See resting on the green that snowy mass,
Roll'd by the frolick boys along the grass;

With hands, with shoulders, long they urg'd it on,
Till by collected snows a mountain grown
Hard as the rock, and motionless it lies,
And all the efforts of their might defies.
Now mounted on the top, the little clown
His fellows dares aloud, to pull him down.
No more: his fellows cluster all around,
And strive to drag the boaster to the ground.

A harmless heap! unlike the Cheviot snow
Shot from the mountain on the vale below.
Deep smothering wreaths the cloud-capp'd hill deform,
Shook from the pinion of the bellowing storm;
Snows heap'd on snows o'er-load the towering rock,
And frown destruction on the wilder'd flock.
The wide enormous ruin gathering fast,
With sullen roar, sweeps down before the blast;

Leaps from the hoary brow of beetling steep,
And freezing shepherds with their famish'd sheep,
While fierce the midnight drift beats on their head,
In one dread hour are sunk among the dead.

Before the cottage door, to pick the crumbs,
By hunger driven, the tuneless goldfinch comes.
With wildly jealous glance he looks around,
Then lights and starts, and pecks o'er all the ground;
Shoots to the field on whirring wings again,
As fast returning from the foodless plain.
Wondering the household kind the stranger view,
And envious, oft with out-stretch'd neck pursue;
In terror oft he flies, till bolder soon,
Hops in the crowd, and claims his humble boon.

Of that insidious sieve, poor bird, beware
Of those lim'd twigs, the fowler's deadly snare.

For thee his constant watch the school-boy keeps,
Oft slowly turns the door, and slyly peeps;
Stretches with eager hand the cruel string,
And pulls the snares that death or bondage bring.

Cease, luckless boy! enough his young for you,
Why will you take the childless parent too?
Why for an empty joy presume to dart
A tenfold anguish to his bursting heart?
In freedom born, is he not proud to rove
Unfetter'd in the field or bowery grove?
Why chain the stranger in thy narrow cot?
To him who pity sought, the hardest lot.
No: give him to his fields and woods again,
Refresh'd and free to wake the vernal strain,
To rear once more for thee his tender brood;
A full reward for these few crumbs of food.

AGRICOLA, the generous and humane,
Was griev'd to hear the little birds complain,
Depriv'd of shelter by the bitter storm,
When wintry months the lifeless year deform.
Of crumbs and seeds an ample store he brought,
And lonely chamber for his warblers sought,
Where bless'd with plenty they might snugly dwell,
And hear, unmov'd, the storms dark spirit yell.
A perforated sash the birds received,
And every want the well-stored room relieved.
Swift through the feather'd kind the rumour flew
And many a bird the sheltering chamber drew,
A various crowd that swarm'd o'er all the floor,
And gladly feasted on the lavish store.
Secure they fluttered round the happy room,
Heard the loud tempest roar and eyed the gloom.
Their fearless tribes no savage prowler harm'd,
Their little bosoms no rude sounds alarm'd.

Till balmy Spring resum'd her gentle sway,
And call'd her songsters to the bloomy spray,
Then free and glad, they sought the deepening shade,
With grateful songs their generous host repaid.

FULL many a circling year beheld them come
When blew the storm, and ask their wonted home;
With every blast the hungry tribes encreas'd,
That sought the chamber and the joyous feast.
One dismal year the shivering warblers tried
Their glad retreat; but access was denied.
Fluttering around, they crowded strove to pass;
Eyed their lov'd room, and beat against the glass;
Hopp'd on the lintel, hung upon the wood,
But now no more Agricola they sued.
Their generous friend had sunk into the tomb,
Another master own'd the shelt'ring room.

Now comes impatient night; and curling rise
The smoky pillars in the sparkling skies,
Slow, dun, diffusive, tow'ring on the view,
Bedimming wide the heaven's unclouded blue.
The weary boys from polish'd slide retire,
To form the ring around the evening fire.
On well swept hearth the flame burns clear and strong,
Beams o'er the floor, the glittering shelves along.
Fast on the winter night they shut the door,
Nor care what snows descend or tempests roar.
Warm in the nook the father, chatting loud
Of old exploits, inspires the laughing crowd.
Mean time her wheel the busy housewife plies,
Oft glancing round with fondness in her eyes.
At such an hour, in such a place, how sweet
To hear the flakey snow the window beat:
Each swelling blast which thunders in the sky,
And shakes the straw-thatch'd roof is heard with joy.

But where shall weary flocks a shelter find,
Benumb'd with cold and batter'd by the wind?
And where the shepherd wading through the snows,
While black and fierce the rising tempest blows?
'Mid deep'ning glooms he gropes his dreadful way,
No living creature near but faithful Tray,
That nods behind, dejected, faint and slow,
With eyes half shut, and white with driving snow.
Wrapp'd in the mingling storm deep-charg'd with death,
He strains to lift his eyes or fetch his breath:
His bosom pierc'd, with anxious care he roams
Along the wild, and where the torrent foams,
Or heathy mountain in the tempest rocks,
With dubious step he seeks his drifted flocks.
Pensive and slow he guides them down the flood,
Their every footstep mark'd with trickling blood;

Oft drags the stragglers from the drifting snow,
Or treacherous gulf that silent boils below.
All night he guards them in some shelter'd spot,
Then stiff and faint at dawning seeks his cot.
His wife and babes, the while, with terror wait,
The long and dreary night his doubtful fate.
Each gusty blast which o'er the desert howls
Strikes thro' their hearts and chills their inmost souls,
Nor friendly ring nor playful frolic there;
But frightful solitude and dumb despair.
On such a night be mine the happy lot
To join the circle in the village cot,
When friendly youths, with hearts of harmless glee,
To sport the dark and stormy hour agree.
Now through the cottage rings the merry jest,
Or jocund tale in rustic humour dress'd;

The feats of valiant Scots; the witchcraft scene,
Or fairy revel on the midnight green;
And now the plaintive strain alternate flung
Or rapturous lay from every warbling tongue,
Cross purposes succeed with all the arts
That shake with joy sincere their simple hearts.
Cheer'd by those cheap and undissembled joys,
"Unnotic'd fleets the night with village" boys!
Remote from cities, and their ceaseless hum,
Where balls and routs and theatres never come,
Nor suffocating steam nor nauseous breath,
From Riot's ulcer'd lungs the holds of death,
Nor gaming fury gnawing round their heart:
In health, and peace, and joy, they meet and part.

Before the cottage struts the graceful cock,
With glossy plumes amid his household flock,

Heroic valour burning in his breast,
And lifted high and bold his shining crest.
Now chucking fond, now crowing shrill and loud,
He cheers, protects, and feeds his drooping crowd.
Thrice happy he that knows no other fate,
But him the scenes of blood and carnage wait.
The village boy, when rushing rains descend,
His pride and boast shall to the cockpit send :
Soon in the deadly strife the bird shall reel
With pointed feather and with sharpen'd heel,
His speckled plumes shall flutter on the ground,
His loud shrill voice in stagnant blood be drown'd;
Quivering in death his mangled limbs shall lie,
And darkness seal his brightly beaming eye.
The boys their sports to prove his courage leave:
Hark, how they longing sigh for Fasten's Eve.
It comes : in troops the villagers repair,
Each with his cock, the cruel sport to share,

The parents too, their virtuous toil forsake,
And eager on the floor their station take.
Joyous the Master at their head appears,
For sweet the sixpence * tinkles in his ears.
Nought he regards the noble creature's pain,
His bosom thirsting for the sordid gain;
For sordid gain enlighten'd nations fight,
And sages say, "the useful must be right†,"

Is this your love, ye sires, ye teachers, say,
To lead your pupil or your child astray?
With thirst of blood the tender mind inflame
And train the spotless hand to deeds of shame?

* The money given by every scholar to the Master, for leave to fight his cock.

† The author is happy to think that this barbarous custom is falling into disuse; and that the salaries of the School-masters now render so shameful a resource unnecessary.

Know ye that helpless age at last may shed
His warning honours on your palsied head?
Then shall that boy regard with careless eye,
And mark your dying throb without a sigh.
Can filial love, or grateful kindness dwell,
Where fann'd by you the darkest passions swell?
Can aught or good or great the soul adorn
That sees unpain'd, a fowl pierc'd, blind, forlorn?
Ah, no! the meanest or the blackest crime
That ever mark'd the crimson'd page of time,
That child is form'd to do, though e'er so good,
That learns to stain his infant hands with blood.

The Sabbath dawns, set day of holy rest;
When young and old in homespun garments dress'd,
With sober, cheerful look at Church appear,
The words of mercy, grace, and peace to hear.

So Damon spent the time: for his the lot
To taste religion in his father's cot.
Still was he guarded with a jealous care,
From every sin and every lurking snare.
Each day he heard the songs of Zion sung,
And solemn vows preferr'd by guileless tongue;
Each day he saw the bright example shine;
He felt its power, and own'd its light divine.
To pious rest assign'd the holy day,
He held to church his sober noiseless way:
And still as eve return'd, the father tried
In sacred lore his tender babes to guide;
Their ductile minds with many a precept stor'd,
And taught them what he lov'd, and what abhorr'd:
And ere the sacred anthem clos'd the day,
In serious joy he talk'd the hour away,
Whilst on his knee the list'ning children hung
With gravely poring eye, and silent tongue;

Discours'd of Mercy, and recover'd Man;
And thus with warm advice the sire began:

"My children, listen to your Father's voice,
"And bid your parents and your friends rejoice.
"This holy Book peruse with filial awe;
"Receive its sacred truths, obey it's law.
"Each sinful pleasure shun, each vice subdue,
"To virtue's heavenly lore for ever true;
"In prompt obedience to your parents' will,
"Or young or old, their just commands fulfil;
"Each other love, and still to others do
"The friendly deeds ye wish perform'd for you.
"Your God remember in the days of youth,
"And prove to latest age the friends of truth.
"For grace, for glory your Redeemer trust,
"Your grateful conduct, holy, good, and just.

" Dear babes, this fleeting life shall soon be o'er,
" Soon must we part to meet on earth no more:
" In peace and truth, O let us live and die,
" To meet again a household in the sky!"

While, silver Tweed, I wave my last farewell,
My pensive breast what mingled feelings swell!
No sleepless spring adorns thy rolling year,
No verdant myrtles in thy vales appear;
Nor dazzling gems in thy rough mountains glow;
Nor bright o'er golden sands thy currents flow.
Some mightier streams yon circling sun may see,
And richer too, but none so dear to me.
My youthful days on thy green borders flew,
And purer joys Arcadia never knew;
With village boys I stray'd thy bowers among,
Join'd their glad sports and swell'd the rural song.

First on thy border felt the fond desire
To lisp my numbers to the poets lyre;
Beneath the beech and where the torrents roar,
Explor'd the treasur'd wealth of classic lore.
Through happier fields no winding rivers flow,
Nor wear more solemn woods upon their brow.
Along their banks nor lovelier flowerets shine,
Nor boast their bowers a sweeter song than thine.
Still to thy vales my restless fancy strays,
Roves through thy meads, and in thy wood-land plays.
Reclin'd at ease the shelt'ring trees below,
I view thy mazy currents as they flow,
I mark the wanderings of the streaming rill,
Which hastes to meet thee down the sloping hill.
With musing step, still, still I seem to press
The flowery lawn, and seek the dark recess,

And roaming oft to turn my listening ear,
Thy warbling choirs on bush and tree to hear;
Or swelling on the breeze, the cheerful voice
From hill and dale of playful village boys.

WHERE now sweet stream the busy scenes of yore,
That charm'd my heart so much and oft before?
Where now the comrades of my tender age?
Their voice is mute, no more their sports engage.
Now other young ones in thy forests stray,
Sing on thy hills, along thy meadows play;
Strive on the green and wanton in the pool,
And o'er their lesson murmur in the school.
The distant sound yet fills my heart with joy,
And memory whispers, Thou wast once a boy.
But they shall pass away as we have done,
And sink unnotic'd when their course is run.

Yet still through every lapse of hoary time,
Thy trees and rocks let blooming children climb;
Rove on thy waving side, so richly green,
As playful and as bless'd as we have been.
Delightful stream, farewell! I tread no more,
Nor wish to tread again thy pebbled shore;
Thy well known scenes would force the bitter tear,
For dear departed shades;—to me how dear!
Farewell: thy fields, and woods, and glassy stream,
Are fading fast unto a shadowy dream;
Soon shall oblivion shroud thy bloomy plain,
Thy name alone within my breast remain.
Yes, brighter prospects now my heart invite;
Far happier scenes arise before my sight.
From thee I turn to that immortal youth,
Reveal'd and promis'd by the God of truth;
To those delights which never shall decay,
But still encrease as ages roll away:

Delights more precious far than all that lie
Beneath the influence of the kindest sky,
In field or flowery mead, or forest brown,
The Christian's dearest hope and brightest crown.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

LOGAN,

AN

INDIAN TALE.

LOGAN,

AN

INDIAN TALE.

———————ὸς ἀριστευεσκε μαχεσθαι
Τρώων ἱπποδάμων ὁτ' ἐ Ἴλιον ἀμφεμαχοντο. *Hom. Il.*

WHERE smooth Ohio rolls his limpid floods
Through savage wilds, and lonely, pathless woods,
The fearless Logan wander'd at his ease,
Or urg'd the chase below the spreading trees;
And oft, when worn with toil, the Chief reclin'd
Where Aloes waves his tulips on the wind;
Poured on the wondering sight their glowing hues,
Ting'd by the sun, and brighten'd by the dews,

Or mark'd the insect bird, in green, and gold,
In flowery cup his honey'd banquet hold; *
Or mimic warbler sweetest choirs deride,
Or charm with peerless lay the desert wide. †
Where e'er he turn'd, the scenes of artless joy,
In hut or hamlet, bless'd his glist'ning eye.
Their charter'd peace, the Briton's pen had sign'd;
And Indian tribes their hours to mirth resign'd.
Their hatchet rusting on the grass was laid;
The calumet was fuming in the shade.
Their noisy sport, the warriors urg'd around,
Or slumber'd careless, on the spangled ground.
And wives and children, in the burning rays,
Began their annual toil in fields of maize.

Each thought was peace, each dark brown feature smil'd,
Where Mingo's hunters scour'd the bloomy wild.

* Note 1. † Note 2.

No harm they plotted; knew no human foe,
Nor guiltless fear'd the hour of bitter woe.
When swift, as his own shaft, across the plain,
An Indian flew, and cried, "Our friends are slain.
"Their mangled limbs are withering in the sun,
"And ting'd with blood, Ohio's waters run.
"The treach'rous Britons whet the scalping knife;
"Nor spares their gory hand the infant life.
"Brave Logan's wives and children are no more,
"His butcher'd family welter in their gore.

"The phrenzied warriors, at the dreadful sound,
"Rush'd from their slumbers on the verdant ground;
"The headlong troops enclose the breathless man,
"Demand the tale; and thus the chief began.

"The ebon brow of night was calm and still;
"No frowning tempest rested on the hill.

" The rising moon illum'd the deep'ning shade,
" On broad Ohio's bosom glittering play'd ;
" Slept on the fairest town that ever stood
" Along the margin of the sounding flood ;
" Where loud, and louder still, from many a tongue,
" Around the flowing bowl the revel rung.
" The kindling Chiefs deplor'd th' untimely fate
" Of slaughter'd friends, by white men's deadly hate.

" Cresap, encamping on the farther shore,
" Plotted to bathe his knife in Indian gore.
" But first, our camp a crafty Briton sought
" To spy the hamlet, and our warriors note :
" Him, Logan's sister unsuspicious, found
" Stealing, with wary step, the huts around.
" With guileless friendship, glowing in her heart,
" She warmly press'd the wanderer to depart.

" Haste, friendly Briton; to thy home return;
" My friends are quaffing, fierce their bosoms burn
" O'er Indians, basely slain in times of peace;
" Leave, leave the village till their anger cease." 60

" I come," the Briton said, " with kind intent,
" On scenes of friendship, and of pleasure bent;
" My friends are feasting in yon shady grove;
" Come, bring thy brothers, and our kindness prove.
" The cred'lous youths push'd instant from the shore
" Their swift canoes,—to see their homes no more.
" By white men's promises too soon beguil'd,
" Thy sister led the way, though great with child.
" Short was the joy: soon as the treach'rous bowl
" Had lull'd suspicion in the warriors' soul; 70
" While rung the valley with unbounded mirth,
" And red, and white men dancing, rock'd the earth;

" The guns report fell dreadful on the ear,
" The chieftains starting, grasp'd the vengeful spear;
" We seiz'd the oar, we rush'd into the flood,
" And frantic, hasten'd to the scene of blood:
" But cruel Britons lined the hostile shores,
" And Indian warriors died upon their oars.
" Fast, fast around the deathful bullet sung,
" And shrieks, and groans, and shouts, tumultuous rung;
" While fields, and woods, and hills, and mountains high,
" Took up the dreadful notes, in one wild cry:
" Logan, thy sister met her horrid death
" From that same hand she sav'd from Indian wrath!
" Thy gallant brother welter'd on the ground,
" And gash'd with hideous wounds, thy kindred round.

" Th' insatiate Briton sack'd our helpless town,
" Slaughter'd our elders, tore our cabins down!
" I saw the flames ascend the midnight skies;—
" Of wives and children heard the mingled cries;
" In torture listen'd on the neighb'ring hill,
" Till Murder, drunk with Indian blood, was still.
" Your mother, wives, and children, all are gone;
" Akin to Logan, there remains not one."

THE warrior ceas'd: but still his restless eye
Roll'd fiercely round, and told his agony.
Mute in the bosom of the solemn wood,
Th' astonish'd chief, 'a stupid moment stood.'
Then blaz'd his rage, and with a frantic air,
" Go, quick, the tidings to the nation bear!"
" The hatchet grasp, the murd'rer swift pursue;
" Glut, glut your vengeance; 'twas our kin he slew."

He said; and vanish'd through the opening wood:
And, swift, the Mingo chief his way pursued.

'Mid feathered warriors as the herald told,
How barbarous white men spar'd, nor young, nor old,
But left their guiltless friends, and kindred slain,
To feed the fowls of heaven on Mingo's plain!
Arriv'd a straggling band, mournful and slow,
Deep mark'd with wounds, and seal'd the tale of woe.
Then loud through echoing wild, from every tongue,
The bitter cries of bursting anguish rung;
The young, the old, their cruel fate deplore,
And weep their hapless friends that live no more.
Their silver locks the bending elders shook,
And rising fury flam'd in every look;
Th' impetuous youths demand, with trembling rage,
Against the foe the deadly war to wage.

WHILE, seated on the grass, in warm debate,
They weigh'd the fortunes of their tottering state,
Brave Logan's well-known voice the Council heard,
And straight the dauntless chief in arms appear'd.
A shaggy skin his spreading shoulders wore;
His pow'rful hand a blood-stain'd hatchet bore;
Each step display'd untutor'd manly grace,
And fearless valour lighten'd in his face.
Stern, his dark eye; but gracious still, and kind;
Bespoke a lofty, and a feeling mind.
A captive foe his ruthless warriors led,
Doom'd to appease the spirits of the dead;
Torn from his friends, and peaceful fields away,
By Logan's side, he holds his sullen way.
Poor, helpless wretch! I mark thy lingering gait;
I hear thee, whispering, curse thy dreadful fate;
I see thee start the yelling crowd to hear,
Whose mingled accent cleaves thy tortur'd ear

And frequent fix thy doubtful, eager gaze,
To read thy doom in Logan's mournful face!
Thy native courage kindle in thine eye,
And, leaguing with despair, their rage defy.

Soon as the crowd beheld the hated foe,
They rent the air with screams of bitter woe.
The maid, the matron, with dishevell'd hair,
Around him rushed in agonies of despair;
Their keen invectives hail'd upon his head,
Straight to the stake, the trembling captive led.
Chain'd to the fatal tree the victim stood;
The knife, the tomahawk, the faggot view'd,
With all the instruments of torturing death
Display'd, in dread array, by savage wrath.
A hoary elder then a signal made;
The raging crowd the high command obey'd.

And listening silence sat on every tongue,
Where Tumult shook, so late, the furious throng.
Then sternly to the Briton; "Thou must die;"
"The instruments of death around thee lie;
"Sharp is the hatchet, keen the scalping knife;
"An injur'd nation thirsts to take thy life.
"Along the plains had ceas'd the warrior's yell;
"The axe was buried, yet our brothers fell;
"Fell by the hand of murderers at the dance,
"When every heart was joy, and every glance.
"Ungrateful Britons! Logan lov'd you well:
"Your hut he guarded in the lonely dell;
"He led your devious steps through trackless wood;
"His wigwam screen'd; his bounty gave you food;
"He pled your cause, he saw his brothers go,
"And spurn'd their earnest call to seek the foe.
"So did his father; so has Logan done;
"And ye reward him—with a murder'd son!

" For keenest torture, horrid death prepare,
" Our slaughter'd brothers hover in the air;
" Look from the azur'd cloud, or mountain grey;
" Demand a victim; chide our dull delay.
" Hast thou a wife or child for thee to mourn?
" To their embrace, thou never shalt return.
" Briton, prepare to meet thy dreadful fate;
" The ministers of death, impatient, wait.

" I have," the captive said, " a tender wife,
" And lovely children, in the dawn of life;
" But safely lodg'd, in guarded hold they rest,
" Where savage Indians never can molest.
" I liv'd, in peace, upon my cultur'd lands;
" The Indian's blood ne'er stain'd these spotless hands:
" Nor, stealing on your homes across the wild,
" At dead of night your hoarded stores I spoil'd,

" For days of peace, this ardent bosom longs,
" When Indian griefs shall cease with Indian wrongs.
" But if the guiltless die, then, Elders, know,
" Ye too shall drain the cup of bitter woe.
" My son shall rise, and bare his youthful arm,
" And vengeance take for all his father's harm.
" My friends shall rush along the desert lands
" On your devoted town with furious bands;
" Shall every hut and field, and dell explore,
" And blot you from the world for ever more."

LOGAN, the while, the hardy sufferer eyed
With looks of love, then wav'd his hand, and cried;
" Elders, drink in my words: the white man's pain
" Can ne'er restore my friends, at Mingo slain.
" This eager tomahawk, with crimson stain'd,
" The Briton's dearest blood has lately drain'd;

" And that shall prove a welcome sacrifice,
" To parted spirits in yon bending skies.
" A costlier still the lingering ghosts attends;
" And seas of blood shall flow ere summer ends.
" The faithless foe, this heart no more shall trust;
" And this keen hatchet never more shall rust.
" But him upon his farm I found, in peace;
" I give him life, and bid his terror cease;
" And this of Logan never shall be said,
" He broke his promise to the Briton made.
" Let white men lie; yet Logan shall be true,
" Nor stamp disgrace upon himself and you.
" No more a Briton, let him be a son
" To some lone matron, by his friends undone.

" Briton, dismiss your fears; to grieve forbear;
" I knew a husband's, and a father's care.

" From death I snatch you, from tormenting pain,
" My friends consenting, and unlock your chain;
" This belt of wampum round your middle tie;
" For those you left behind no longer sigh.
" Come, smoke with us the calumet of peace,
" And let that storm of tears for ever cease.
" This widow'd matron shall, in you, receive
" A son and guardian, and forget to grieve.
" Her son, a gallant youth, in high command,
" At Mingo perish'd, by a Briton's hand.
" The mother fled amid the favouring gloom,
" And haply met a far severer doom.
" Dry up her tears, her bitter griefs console,
" And still the tempest of her struggling soul."

He said, and from the stake, the Briton led,
And lodg'd him safe, within her humble shed:

A son, a brother, every day to prove
The lavish kindness of domestic love.

RETURNING swift, " for war," he cried "prepare :
" To every friendly tribe the tidings bear.
" On every hill, in every lonely dell,
" Go, bid the warriors raise their loudest yell,
" And summon from the chase, or drowsy shade,
" The fearless Indian to his country's aid.
" To broad Ohio's banks in haste repair,
" The glorious danger, and the spoil to share.
" Our friends shall be aveng'd; their ghosts shall tell
" Beyond the hills, in fight what numbers fell.
" This challenge, written by the white man's pen,
" And bloody club, leave in some Briton's den;
" Its inmates slaughter'd by your vengeful hand,
" And left unburied on the desert land."

His voice was heard: in gaudy plumes array'd,
The painted chieftains sped along the glade.
The swarthy warriors kindle as they go,
With deadly rage and rush upon the foe,
The female bear not feller madness feels,
Her savage brood, when some rash hunter steals:
Outrageous fury lightens in her eyes;
She growls, and gnashes, as the robber flies;
Unravels all his steps; her young restores
Or tears in pieces, and the wretch devours.

How many helpless Britons meet their doom!
Nor snowy age escapes, nor infant bloom.
Rous'd from their slumbers by the midnight yell,
Wives, fathers, children, naked, seek the dell:
See from the brakes afar, with hopeless eyes,
High o'er their huts devouring flames arise.

And clustering households meet their cruel death,
The smouldering ruins of their home beneath ;
Or vengeful Indian in his dreadful walk,
And fall below the merciless tomahawk.
O'er every field, where Logan's warriors pass'd,
The aching eye beholds a horrid waste.

So Hurricane bestrides the torrid sky ;
Summons the roaring winds to war on high ;
Hangs on the brow of heaven cimmerian gloom,
And tells astonish'd isles their shunless doom.
Bursts the thin cisterns of the treasur'd rain,
And heaves a deluge on the smother'd plain ;
Unseals in ruddy clouds the electric store ;
Points the red flash, and bids the thunders roar.
The crashing woods are bedded in the mud ;
Corn, canes, and lab'rers strew the boiling flood,

And streets and towns, the whirling eddies sweep,
With all their tenants, to the big-swoln deep;
Save a few wretches on the storm-beat hill,
With idle groans the troubled air that fill.
The hope of ardent toil, of circling years,
Whelm'd in one moment, sinks, and disappears.
Far on the view extends a dismal wild,
Where blooming paradise so lately smil'd.

The gathering host, intent on plunder moves,
Through flow'ry fields, and shady cedar groves;
Through deep entangled forests hastes along;
Stems the broad rivers, yet unknown to song,
Where populous towns, in other times, shall rise,
And crowded villas glitter to the skies.
Th' unmeasur'd waste, and savage forest pass'd,
The greater Kanhaway appears at last,

On whose green banks below the oak's cool shade,
The British thunder burst, and banners play'd.
Cautious and slow, the Indians win their way,
And close their tedious march with parting day.
From darksome thickets, in the circling wood,
His marshall'd foe, the fearless Logan view'd.
Revolving in his thought the bloody fight,
He watch'd their guarded camp the live-long night;
To seize the vantage of a careless hour,
His hottest battle on their lines to pour.
But when Aurora, herald of the day,
Shed on the sleepless hosts her dewy ray,
Impatient Logan from the thicket flung,
While, with his war-hoop, hill and valley rung.
His artless bands, fierce on the Briton rush
From every tree, and every tangled bush.

O'er all the field, the hostile squadrons rage;
And, man to man, the furious bands engage.
What generous youths, upon the crimson'd waste,
That dreadful morn, the rage of war defac'd!
The drum's tumultuous note, incessant swells,
And loudly peal the Indian's horrid yells;
The volley'd thunders rend the dim grey skies,
And chok'd with blood, the trembling desert lies.

The valiant Logan now disdains to spare;
'Revenge,' he cries, and seeks the hottest war.
O'er the wide field he bids the combat glow,
And fate and vengeance fall in every blow.
The bolt of war, his bosom scorns to fear;
He mocks the cannon's mouth, the lifted spear.
By pride, by freedom, and by vengeance led,
He fiercely bounds o'er heaving heaps of dead!

The flying foe, with nimble feet, pursues;
Restores his friends, the fainting war renews.
His voice, his hand, his hatchet, fires the brave,
Nobly to perish, or their country save.

He strove in vain; at last his warriors yield
The bloody laurels of the well-fought field.
Sullen and slow, he left the fatal plain,
And sought his village and his wilds again;
In grief and shame to his lone hut he stole,
To hide the sorrows of his bursting soul.

Ten thousand moons their radiant course have run
On boundless regions of the sleeping sun
When nought but dark woods wav'd, and long before,
Rush'd the pale rover to their happy shore,
On winged winds, loud thunder in his hand,
And lightning red to waste the fairest land;

Nought but the wanderers of the woods untam'd
And red men free as they, the desert claim'd.
The Mammots liv'd; huge as the frowning steep,
Fell as the panther of the forest deep,
Swift as the eagle in her downward flight,
And grim as Angel of the stormy night.
Loud crash'd beneath their foot the spiry wood,
Shrunk from their thirsty jaws the lessening flood.
The barbed shaft the giant herds defied,
And harmless fell the javelin from their side.
Whole forests scarce sufficed for one short meal,
And sounds of grief around were heard to peal.
High on the bough the frighted warbler moan'd,
The expiring inmates of the thicket groan'd.
A silent heap the populous village made,
Its fainting tenants on the desert stray'd.
The bitter cries of general grief encrease
And reach'd in western vales the seats of peace.

The mighty Spirit heard with kindling ire,
Rent the light cloud and grasp'd the deathful fire.
Wrapt in the gloom of darkest clouds he stood
To save the wretched, and their native wood.
The forked lightnings gleam'd the wild around,
And loudest thunders rack'd the quaking ground!
The bolts were hurl'd against the herd alone,
And mountains echoed with their dying groan:
Stretch'd on the waste the stern destroyers lay,
To ravenous beasts a rich and welcome prey.
One bull remain'd, the fiercest of his kind,
That raging pour'd his challenge on the wind.
Him long the wrathful skies assail'd in vain,
He heard the thunders peal with proud disdain.
Slow from the plain the bluest summits made
The bubbling source of many a stream that shade.
There on the loftiest peak he roar'd aloud,
Defied the Spirit of the vengeful cloud.

The lofty fir is cleft, the knotted oak,
Scorch'd by the doubling bolts, is wrapp'd in smoke.
But still the monster all his fury spurn'd,
His dauntless forehead to the lightnings turn'd;
Still as they flash'd he wheel'd impetuous round,
And shook them burning on the rifted ground.
A dazzling bolt at last of keenest flame
Miss'd by his forehead, struck his ample frame,
Deep in his side he felt the cruel wound;
Bellow'd with rage, then with a mighty bound,
O'er fields and streams, o'er hills and mountains blue
And wide extended lakes the monster flew.
To western climes he bent his furious way,
In flowery lawns and boundless woods to stray;
Sole monarch of the wild he roams afar,
And mocks the thunders of the god of war.

WHILE hopeless elders wrung their wither'd hands,
And mourn'd their warriors fall'n in distant lands;
The feeble matron, and the blooming maid,
Were heard to weep their woes in every shade.
The conquering host their joyous march renew,
Through trackless woods, the flying foe pursue.
Scale the green hills, the flow'ry plains explore
No Briton's foot had ever trac'd before.
Their near approach an anxious fear imparts,
And shakes the purpose of the bravest hearts.
The cries of war in every hamlet cease,
And humbled nations, kneeling, sue for peace.
Logan alone the base submission spurns,
To deep-embowering woods for safety turns:
There all day long below the cypress shade,
Oppress'd with various care the chieftain laid,
Or wand'ring aimless 'mid embow'ring pines
To phrenzied woe his haughty soul resigns.

Mingo, I see thy turf-built cots arise;
Thy hills and forests swim before my eyes.
I see the verdant fields, and flow'ry meads;
Thy pleasant stream, along the vale that leads,
His mazy waters flowing smooth and clear,
Charming with murmurs low the dullest ear.
They charm no more:—no living creature strays
Along the valley where thy river plays.
Now frightful silence spreads her horrors round;
And plunder'd huts are melting to the ground.
The reeds and leaves along the roof decay'd,
And scatter'd round the fencing palisade.
Thy vigorous youths no longer urge the chase,
Nor frolic child in thy green-meadow plays;
Nor prudent elders watch their thriving state;
Nor wife nor maiden sings, with heart elate,
In fields of maize, or cool refreshing groves,
Where gathering potent herbs she frequent roves.

No more the robes of rind their hands prepare
From od'rous trees, that scent the breathing air;
Nor herb nor blossom of its tincture drain,
The warlike visage of our tribe to stain,
To hostile fields when valiant warriors go
To shield their nation, and chastise the foe.
The silky plumes, with every colour gay,
And nicely rang'd, their art no more display.
Nor wampum belt, with many a figure wrought,
And glowing tint, employs their busy thought,
No brawny striplings draw the twanging bow,
Wield the sharp axe, or strive the spear to throw:
Nor smiling elders, crown with just applause,
The future bulwarks of their country's cause.
No more I listen to the warlike song,
Nor lead the dance the shady trees among;
When, rich in spoils and scalps of hated foes,
Returns the warrior safe to sweet repose.

The scene of simple joy no more returns ;—
For this my heart is sore ; my bosom burns.
And thou, my son, in boy-hood's early bloom
Hast sunk by ruffian hands into the tomb !
My strength, my hope, the solace of my heart,
Oh! why, in death, have we been doom'd to part?
Watch'd in yon azure sky no heavenly power
To drive the murd'rer from thy mother's bower ?
Why was not Logan near, his child to save ?—
Could but my life redeem thee from the grave ;
Oh ! I would fling away the useless toy ;
For small the ransom that restores my boy.
It must not be :—thou never shalt return !
Nor this lone heart with sorrow cease to burn.
O ! hadst thou liv'd the tomahawk to wield,
And fall'n renown'd upon the purpled field,
My country had embalm'd thy honour'd name,
And virgins sung, in tears, thy deathless fame,

Thy brav'ry fir'd the chiefs of future days,
When hostile flames in these wild forests blaze.
Then Logan sooth'd had wip'd his tears away;
And pleasure beam'd upon his setting day.
Who now shall sooth the growing ills of life,
Or who defend me from th' assassin's knife!
When, worn with toil and age, this form shall lie,
And fierce the Briton shake his lance on high?
None: all my children, all my kindred gone,
To succour Logan there remains not one.
Bereav'd of all my bliss, I tell my woes
To ev'ry bird that sings, and stream that flows;
Attune my sorrows to the wailing breeze,
And run them o'er and o'er to these green trees;
Seek the mad revel, and the flowing bowl,
To drown the anguish which torments my soul,
At length by Murder's knife restor'd to rest
With kindred spirits slumbering in the west.

Yes, childless Logan, soon escaped from woe,
Beyond these joyless hills and vales shall go
To meet my children and my friends afar,
In some green wild beyond the reach of war;
Where cruel Britons never shake the spear,
Nor happy sires their bloody hatchet fear.
My babes! It was your voice which sweetly stole
Along the breeze, and thrill'd my inmost soul.
I knew it well: and are you wand'ring near?
Your shadowy forms before my sight appear,
In yon blue cloud I see your spirits sail,
And hear you call me to the blissful vale.
I come, I come; my throbbing bosom fires
To clasp my children, and to greet my sires.

The Chieftain groan'd; convuls'd, his body shook;
And raving madness star'd in every look.

His stiffled bosom heav'd with speechless pain,
When swift an Indian cross'd the verdant plain;
" Brave Logan! lend a while your list'ning ear;
" Commission'd from our Chiefs, glad news I bear.
" The foe invites our tribes to smoke in peace;
" Our elders long to see the carnage cease:
" Below the branches of the village tree,
" In council met, the Chieftains wait for thee."

" No, never but in chains, shall Logan go," 510
Replied the wrathful chief, " to greet the foe,
" And sue for peace, as oft I did before;
" In faithless Britons, Logan trusts no more.
" Unworthy chiefs, the white man thus to fear
" His near approach, the shaking of his spear! 515
" Know ye no pathless woods, and close retreats,
" Far, far remov'd from their detested seats,

" Where safely lodg'd, ye may their war defy,
" And free men scour the wood, and free men die?
" But—Logan shall be free, as that loud breeze
" Which rudely rocks these high and spreading trees.
" Untrodden woods, and wilds, are still behind,
" Where Logan unsubdued, some cave shall find;
" Shall with fell tyger in the twilight dell,
" Or generous eagle on the mountain dwell;
" With meanest beast that roams the wildest field
" Better associate than to white men yield.
" See yon grey rocks:—I'll rest on them by day,
" And mark on plains around, the midnight prey;
" Then rush relentless o'er the dark'ning heath,
" And hurl the Briton to the realms of death."

" Logan, too well thou know'st," the warrior said,
" What numbers perish'd by the murd'rous blade:

"Our brothers' bones are whitening in the field,
"And few survive the tomahawk to wield.
"At least some pity to your country show;
"Our nation sinks; submit;—it must be so."

The salt tears trembled in the warrior's eye;
Fierce Logan groan'd; his grief forbade reply;
Then started from his seat, in rapid haste,
To find the chiefs, the green-wood path he trac'd;
With glist'ning eyes, the British warrior view'd,
And seiz'd his hand, and led him to the wood.
Where weeping rills along the valley glide,
And myrtles throw their shadows on the tide;
And oak and cypress, crowding thick around,
Screen from the burning ray, the flowery ground.
There Logan seated in a cool recess,
In floods of tears, thus pour'd his deep distress.

" Go tell your chief:— Let any white man say,
" When hungry from my hut he went away.
" If cold and naked, he my cabin sought;
" And Logan found him but he cloth'd him not.
" Whilst rag'd the last long, sanguinary war,
" Inactive in his hut, sequester'd far,
" Logan remain'd an advocate for peace,
" Though by his country blam'd for slothful ease.
" So much I lov'd you, that as Indians pass'd,
" They pointed to my hut upon the waste,
" And murmur'd, Logan is the white man's friend,
" And loiters there; while we these plains defend.
" To live with you was ev'n my fav'rite plan,
" But for the mischief of one single man.
" Cresap, last spring, the sword of murder drew;
" Deliberate, unprovok'd, my kindred slew:
" Nor wife nor child to Logan now remains;
" Nor flows my blood in any creature's veins.

" This cruel deed for speedy vengeance cried ;
" Revenge I sought ; and many a Briton died.
" My vengeance glutted ; on the gory plain
" I see with joy the beams of peace again.
" But think not mine, the joy of coward fear ;
" No ! Logan never fear'd a hostile spear ;
" Nor keenest knife, nor fiercest fires that burn ;
" For life he scorns upon his heel to turn.
" Who lives to weep below that faded sun
" For childless friendless Logan ? no :—not one."
He paus'd, he clasp'd his hands, he rush'd away,
In darksome copse, to shun the light of day.
Now was the warrior seen, in mournful mood,
Tracing with aimless step, the silent wood ;
Now from th' oblivious bowl, he senseless reel'd,
Or idiot laughter on the desert peal'd.
His idle fancies mutter'd to the gale
And shook the coldest heart with piteous wail.

Talk'd with the spirits whom he held so dear ;
And listen'd oft his children's voice to hear.
Sunk the bright lustre of his eagle eye ;
That arm grew weak which wav'd the lance on high.
The first of Indian chiefs no longer now,—
The warrior's chaplet wither'd on his brow.
By wants and woes oppress'd, his manly form
Bent to the noxious blast, or wintry storm :
The mournful ruin of a generous mind,
The joyless chief to dark despair resign'd,
Till far in distant waste, the hunter found
Poor Logan, slain with many a ghastly wound.
The chieftain fell below the murderer's knife,
And fled from all the bitter ills of life.

These are the precious gifts which Europe brings
To western regions, and their swarthy kings !

They call you savage; but none ever ran
Thro' those wild woods, more fierce than polish'd man!
Their leprous crew touch'd your delightful shore;
They found you weak;—and it was your's no more.
You took the viper to your guileless heart,
To groan, for ever, with the deadly smart;
To fancied gods, you bent your willing knees,
But found them Demons, whom you strove to please.
Stretch'd to their manacles your simple hands; 610
And found it death to doubt their high commands.
In myriads driven to the dark, damp mines,
Where on the wretch, no sun-beam ever shines.
By galling scourges forc'd to hopeless toil,
That your proud lords may riot in the spoil. 615
Red nations vanish by the darkest crimes,
That hell dares scarcely own, from your bright climes,
Your blooming fields the proud invaders share,
Prescribe your bounds, and call it gracious care:

Or fill the poisonous bowl, and when you reel,
For colour'd beads, unmeasur'd countries steal.
The white marauder searches each recess,
For blood, and wealth, and lo! the just redress.
If you retaliate, instant, heard afar,
The rising tempest of the roaring war.
The young, the old, your wives and sons transfix'd
On your own lands, in horrid heaps are mix'd.
The mounting flame your homes to ashes turns,
On cultur'd fields the promis'd harvest burns.
For ye are form'd of darker, coarser dust,
And we are polish'd, merciful and just:
'Tis therefore ours the barbarous tribe to chain,
And sovereign o'er the Black and Red to reign.

NOTES.

NOTE 1.

THE humming bird is the smallest of all the feathered inhabitants of the air. Its plumage surpasses description: on its head is a small tuft of jetty black, its breast is red, its belly white, its back, wings, and tail, of the finest pale green; small specks of gold are scattered over it with inexpressible grace, and to crown the whole, an almost imperceptible down softens the several colours, and produces the most pleasing shades. With all his feathers he is scarcely superior in size to a large beetle; his wings make a noise like the humming of a very large fly; he extracts his nourishment from the flowers, like a bee.

Note 2.

THE song of the mocking bird is supposed to excel every other in the world; and he is likewise capable of imitating that of every other singing bird.

Note 3.

These lines were written some time before the Abolition of the Slave Trade. By this signal act of justice and mercy Great Britain has so far redeemed her character. It remains to be seen whether her conduct proceeded from moral principle and enlightened views of genuine policy, or from the compunction of the moment. But though we had never participated in the African Slave Trade, nor in the cruel oppression which has wasted the aboriginal inhabitants of the American Continent, the dreadful enormities of the Spaniards in those devoted countries, more than justify the concluding lines of Logan.

To the Muse.

COME heavenly Muse, whose witching smile
Can life's oppressive woes beguile,
O leave the bowers of peace a while,
With songs of joy resounding.

The laurell'd bards a while forsake,
The world whose mighty numbers shake,
The rural song with me to wake
In woodlands green and lonely.

O bid these ebbing spirits flow,
This agonizing bosom glow,
With all the rapture poets know,
Spite of the ills that grieve me!

Thou know'st how I did oft aspire
With eager hand to touch the lyre
And catch from thee the holy fire,
And how the carol pleas'd me.

Since then full many a year is past,
But now into thy arms at last
I fly to shun the cruel blast;
Then in thy bosom lay me.

O do not the poor wretch disdain
That shivers in the wind and rain,
And looks around for rest in vain,
But cast thy mantle o'er me.

How shall thy music fail to please,
That mov'd of yore the rocks and trees,
That chain'd the lion and the breeze,
And tamed the savage rover.

Come let us to the leafy bower,
Or cull the rose and blooming flower,
Or yield to the resistless power
Of small birds piping cheerly.

Or wander on the winding stream,
While swift its curling waters swim,
And glitter in the golden beam
Along the vale so clearly.

There will I tell how much I love
To hear thee warble as we rove,
So sweetly that the choirs above
May list in silence near thee.

If plaintive song delight thee more,
The soothing painful sonnet pour
Though this lone heart should yet be sore
For scenes no more that cheer me.

Entranc'd the while, departed joys
Again in bright array shall rise,
Again shall meet these glistening eyes
The friends I lov'd so dearly.

Or in the vale or on the hill,
In twilight shades, or by the rill,
What e'er the theme, thy voice shall still
In pain and woe relieve me.

THE SPIRIT OF FROST

TO

*THE SUN.**

I.

THOU sovereign Orb, great source of day,
Thy race that runn'st on wheels of gold,
While subject worlds around thee play,
A Rival in my power behold!
I rule the night; I rule the day;
All things to me their homage pay,
In skies above, in earth below,
Or where the limpid waters flow;
The north, and south, alike before my throne,
Submiss obedience yield, my pow'r resistless own.

* This poem, as well as the Address to the Volunteer Corps of Scotland, was written some years before the Author had the pleasure of reading Mr Gillespie's Poems.

II.

From Chaos sprung, and ancient night,
I rul'd alone the infant world,
Ere God had sown the seeds of light,
And o'er the fields of space had hurl'd
Thy wand'ring orb, in ceaseless round,
To light the ether's vast profound,
To bid the blazing planets roll,
And pour the animating soul:
Still unsubdued, and fearless of thy beam,
Enthron'd in awful state, I sit, and reign supreme.

III.

I fix my adamantine throne,
Amid the horrors of the pole,
On shapeless rocks, together thrown
By Ruin's hand, where oceans roll,
Unfathom'd, black, and heaving high,
To drench the grim and deathful sky;

There on the craggy mountain's brow,
Cop'd with an endless waste of snow,
It rests, of ice-work form'd, and shining bright,
With many a changeful hue, in thy unwarming light.

IV.

I mark how rage the briny seas
And toss their restless foaming waves:
Their roaring floods, I instant seize,
And chain them in my gelid caves.
Beneath the icy pavement deep,
The still and silent billows sleep;
While fearless sledges onward glide
Along the bosom of the tide,
Where winds and waters strove so late before,
In dreadful conflict mix'd, and shook the solid shore!

V.

On Lapland's savage wilds I rise,
In curling wreaths, surcharg'd with death,

Before the roving hunter's eyes :

He sees, he falls, he yields his breath ;

There stretch'd on dazzling frozen plain,

Revolving seasons to remain,

Unmould'ring, or become the prey

Of shaggy bears, that prowling stray,

By rage inspir'd, or pinching hunger led,

Fierce as the polar gale, white as the snows they tread.

VI.

Seest thou yon hut half-hid in earth ?

The ship-wreck'd crew lie shiv'ring there,

Freezing around the blazing hearth,

Worn out with toil, oppress'd with care !

Long, long they brav'd the raging main,

And strove their bark to save, in vain :

Crush'd by the closing fields of ice,

Deep in the whelming surge it lies ;

While they from friends and country parted far,
Hopeless submit to fate, and for their end prepare.

VII.

The streaming rills through meadows play;
Along the vale the torrents roar,
And sparkle in thy golden ray:
I speak;—they shine and flow no more.
I drink the forest juices dry,
And touch the flow'rs; they fade and die.
I breathe upon the verdant field;
Its glowing tints their lustre yield.
The countless beauties of the blooming year,
Spite of thy cheering beams, before me disappear.

VIII.

In Afric's desert burning sands,
Where sweeps Simoom's purple blast,
The wand'rer leads his weary bands,
'Mid tow'ring clouds of sand, aghast,

And raging heats, far, far from home,
Far from each hospitable dome.
Ere dawn he sees his only hope,
His frozen Camel, fainting, drop.
Nor force avails, nor soothing, to restore ;
He shuts his swimming eyes to see thy light no more.

IX.

The haughty Arab's desert land,
Depriv'd of shelter, and of shade,
Extends a boundless, level sand,
Cloth'd thinly with the sickly blade ;
Where, faint with heat, the rover pores,
To find the fountain's hidden stores ;
While on the mountain's chilling height
His weary, devious steps I wait.
With deadly force around his head descends
My potent snowy blast, and all his labour ends.

X.

Soon as unfurl the shades of night,
Hors'd on the surly breeze's wing,
Swift o'er the waste I take my flight,
And round my chilling vapours fling.
When, wrapp'd in glooms, pale winter reigns,
I drive the hail-storm o'er the plains;
Where rag'd thy heats so fierce before,
I seal the lake, the snows I pour,
And Syria's feebler sons with furs adorn,
From tenants of the wild, or lonely forest torn.

XI.

I glide into the dreary cell,
Which doors and bolts of iron close,
Where deep the fetter'd prisoners dwell,
And, ceaseless, weep their bitter woes.
I hear them clank their galling chain,
And sad to dripping walls complain;

I hear their frequent bursting sigh,
And mark their dull, despairing eye.
In pity, o'er their frame I slowly creep,
And bid them rest, at length, in long and balmy sleep.

XII.

Those rocky fragments, scatter'd, vast,
Which, far, and wide, the vale deform,
Long rais'd their summits to the blast
And mock'd the fury of the storm.
Indignant, from their base I tore,
And down into the valley bore
Their russet crags, and flung them round,
Unsightly ruins o'er the ground.
There, lowly in the dust, disgrac'd they lie,
To rend the clouds no more, as in mid air they fly.

XIII.

That iron shell, whose frightful womb,
A thousand ghastly deaths contains;
Which sweeps at once, into the tomb
Whole squadrons on the bloody plains;
Or darts the thundering vessel through,
And whelms her in the deeps below;
Or lays the populous city waste,
It's walls, and streets, and tow'rs defac'd:
That iron shell, by trembling mothers curst,
Th' expansive pow'rs of frost, at once, in pieces burst.

XIV.

Again from dusky earth I turn,
And wing my flight through voids of space,
Far, far beyond where planets burn,
Exulting in thy streaming rays.
Whilst unconfin'd I sportive swim,
I view thy dim and fading beam,

Thyself a point of glimmering light,

Hardly distinguished from the night.

Remoter still, the liquid gloom I cleave,

And far beneath my feet, thy viewless system leave.

A

THUNDER STORM,

Among the Cheviot Mountains.

I.

'Tis night; and Nature seeks repose;
I roam the vale where Bowmont flows,
Alive to joy, devoid of care,
To drink the fresh and dewy air,
Or mark how Cheviot's mountains rise,
On their green tops, to bear the skies.
The stars are fled; in dark and lurid clouds,
Her face the rising moon, from gazing wand'rer shrouds.

II.

Around a solemn stillness reigns:
Nor bleating flocks, nor shouting swains
Disturb the scene; but murmuring rills
Descending swiftly from the hills,
And Bowmont's hoarsely sounding floods,
As rapid down the vale he scuds:
The sleeping echoes in their caverns rest,
And worn with tuneful toil, the warblers in their nest.

III.

The mirky clouds are deep'ning still;
I see them gathering on the hill;
The spirit of the storm I hear;
His dreadful accents pierce my ear;
The mingled elements engage,
In horrid fray, with kindling rage:
Stern Ruin looks abroad with haggard eyes,
And grimly smiles to see the furious tempest rise.

IV.

See, how the rending vapour pours
Along the gloom its fiery stores!
In middle air the lightnings play,
And half restore departed day.
Now the expansive sheets unfold,
Now into blazing columns roll'd,
Upward they tower to meet the lofty sky,
And spend their mighty force in boundless fields on high.

V.

Again 'tis night; the lightning's glare
Again illumes the troubled air;
The trembling earth is now reveal'd,
And now in blackest shades conceal'd.
But, hark! the deep ton'd thunders roll,
And shake with dread my inmost soul:

Louder and louder still, the bursting peals:
Nature, the mighty shock through all her kingdoms feels.

VI.

Down rush the treasures of the rain,
And pour a deluge on the plain:
The yielding soil is furrow'd deep;
The sudden torrents rising, sweep
Their billows to the flood below,
And to the sea, red, foaming, flow,
O'erwhelming, as they urge their mad career,
The poor man's cherish'd hope, the labour of the year.

VII.

The nodding forests wildly wave,
And sullen groans the gelid cave,
The hoary rock, the green hill shakes,
On its deep base the mountain quakes;

Whilst echo bellows from afar,
Responsive to the thund'ring war;
The lonely cottage totters on the wild,
Th' affrighted mother sees, and clasps her smiling child.

VIII.

The harmless flocks in mute amaze,
Around them cast a stupid gaze;
Distracted now, together run,
Now seek in flight the storm to shun.
The dimpling pool illumin'd high,
From their lov'd haunts the scaly fry
Across the glittering waters flouncing dash,
To find some dark abyss, impervious to the flash.

IX.

That awful peal! the bolt is driven
Resistless from the flaming heaven.

Perhaps some oak, the forests pride,
Is shiver'd on the mountain's side;
Low in the dust, its tow'ring head,
Its splinter'd arms around it spread,
And solid planks, which had for ages past
Smil'd at the idle storm, and scorn'd the fiercest blast.

X.

Or haply in this evil hour,
A victim to th' electric power,
The shepherd as he tends his charge
Dispers'd on hills and vales at large,
Struck by the fury, sinks in death,
Remote upon the desert heath;
Whilst loving wife and helpless offspring wait,
In vain, his wish'd return, unconscious of his fate.

XI.

Almighty God! these thunders thine,
These lightnings which so fiercely shine,

These raven pinion'd storms that roar,
And rushing rains that round me pour:
All these thy servants; these fulfil,
With eager haste, thy sovereign will,
Or bring the boon, thy goodness keeps in store,
Or fling thy judgments round, and bid the world adore.

ON

Seeing a Beautiful Rainbow.

I.

MAJESTIC in yon wat'ry skies,
On clouds of crystal rain impress'd,
I see the vivid Rainbow rise,
In all her glowing colours dress'd,
Unfolding, lovely to the eye,
The tints of Nature's finest dye:
The bright enchantment charms my wond'ring sight,
And fills my rising soul with pure and calm delight.

II.

Stupendous Arch, of vapour dense!
Which springing bold, unbroken, light,
Through steeps of ether shoots immense,
Its base the earth, the sky its height;
Below the span diminish'd lie
The plains, the hills, and mountains high;
The works of man to atoms shrink away,
The boast of puny worms, mean heaps of miry clay.

III.

Sweet daughter of the trickling showers,
Indulgent Nature's youngest child!
Along the angry gloom that pours
Her changeful glories beaming mild.
Amusive form! now shining bright
Now dim and fading on the sight,
Now viewless, fled in fleecy clouds away,
Fit emblem of the joys around the heart that play.

IV.

When pure beneath its Maker's hand,
From ancient night, Creation stood,
This dusky globe no Rainbow spann'd,
Nor grac'd the full-distended cloud :
Attemper'd suns their splendour shed,
Descending vapours thinly spread
Their purer bosom to the sunny ray;
And deep in future times, the radiant rainbow lay.

V.

Degen'rate men by passion driv'n
From paths of virtue madly stray'd,
And rous'd the lingering wrath of Heaven
To pour his deluge on their head.
At last the pitying God restor'd
The humbled world, his flood devour'd ;
And, to assure the heart by guilt dismay'd,
That Bow, the sacred sign of heavenly grace, was made.

VI.

When charg'd with heaven's high behest, *
The angel sought the seer below,
The flowing cloud his form embraced,
His head, the many-colour'd bow;
The holy pomp, with joy and awe,
In mystic trance the Prophet saw,
And recognis'd his Saviour and his Lord,
His heart so warmly lov'd, the Just, th' incarnate Word.

VII.

In Paradise's blest abode, †
By countless saints and cherubs seen,
The bow surrounds the throne of God,
Its hue the em'rald's shining green:

* Rev. x. 1. † Rev. iv. 3.

To men redeem'd the chosen sign
Of Faithfulness and Truth divine,
Till shouting Angels wrap the world in fire,
And in the rushing flame, the heaven and earth expire.

AN

AUTUMNAL ODE.

Written in the harvest of 1805.

I.

Now the sun again retires,
Fainter burn his slanting fires;
Gentler light and gentler heat,
Round the nut-brown labourer beat;
Cooler gales, in pity blow
To dry the reaper's burning brow.
See, russet Autumn rends the vaulted sky,
And waves his sickle and his sheaf on high;
His yellow robe, with here and there a rose
And languid floweret, round his ancles flows.

Smiling behind, see Peace and Plenty come,
And sated Joy to cheer the poor man's home:
In every field the blissful train are near,
With treasures rich and full, to crown the circling year.

II.

Blooming Hope, that fondly view'd,
As laughing Spring the field renew'd,
And felt her kindling bosom burn,
At Summer's glad return,
Forsakes the earth to winter in the skies,
With gaudy Spring to bless our plains again,
And swell the bosom of the sturdy swain,
And nerve his arm and sparkle in his eyes.

III.

Hark, Autumn's voice, along the plain
Calls on the maiden and the swain.
See, how with pleasure in their eye,
To richly waving fields they hie.

The young, the old, are trooping seen,
Their sickle on their shoulder hung,
And jocund mirth on every tongue;
And silent are the cot and village green.
The little birds, the while, in flocks forsake,
Where late they sweetly warbled all day long,
The secret forest and the thorny brake,
To claim their dole the rising shocks among.
Their stealth, ye swains, with pitying eyes survey:
For you they wak'd in spring, the song so blithe and gay.

IV.

Hush'd be the furious gale,
That oft with wide and desolating sweep,
Careers along the harvests rich and deep,
That clothe the hill and vale,
And hails the golden treasures on the ground,
While dearth and sorrow pining stalk around.

Your whelming seas, ye clouds, restrain,
Nor heave them on the whiten'd plain,
To lodge its stores in slimy mud,
Or drown them in the untimely flood.
My fervent prayer deign, gracious God, to hear;
Spare, spare th' cherish'd hopes of all the varying year.

V.

But hark! from Gallia's hostile shore,
Her swarming myriads proudly boast,
As loud the threatening thunders roar,
In blood to melt our guarded coast,
To burn our harvests, seize our lands,
And bend our necks to her unjust commands.
The quivering spear, already lifted high,
Is gleaming in the tortur'd sky.
Her buoyant vessels crowd the sounding shore,
Their bellying sail unfurl'd, and stretch'd their sweeping oar:

And keen her Tyrant's unrelenting gaze
Across the flood, our little Isle surveys.
On tiptoe stands around the marshall'd throng,
And wait the stern command, that trembles on his tongue.

VI.

Lo, the chilling rumour comes,
Kindling nations swift combine:
Loudly peal the Russian drums;
Austria rushes to the Rhine.
Back the dark Usurper turns,
Gnashing to resign the prey,
That disdains his iron sway,
His vengeance scorns, his favour spurns.
Seek secure, your bearded plains;
Reap in peace, ye happy swains;

Grateful, raise the song again,
Strains of pleasure,
O'er your treasure,
Chaunted on the peaceful plain.

VII.

Thou gracious God! in yonder sky,
I see thy naked arm;
I see the guardian Angel fly,
And hear his loud alarm.
That voice was thine which thunder'd in their ear,
That erst dismay'd the Syrian host,
And drove them from thy people's coast,
Chilling the boldest heart with sudden fear.
And Father, dost thou deign to smile
Once more, upon my native Isle?
With thy strong buckler shield our head;
Thy fostering wings yet o'er us spread;

O let our hearts to thee ascend,
And grateful praise the welkin rend.
Our straying steps again in love restore,
To wander from the paths of peace, and truth no more.

VIII.

Fear and care be far away,
Fiends that rack the heart of man;
Squalid Want and swift Decay,
Hollow-eyed, and pale, and wan;
Discontent with sullen brow,
Pining still o'er fancied woe;
Muttering to the surly gale,
With quivering lip, her dismal tale:
Hence avaunt: for rich the stores
In our lap that Autumn pours.
Gratitude, come from the sky,
Chearfulness, Enjoyment, come,

Warm the heart and light the eye,
And raise the song of harvest home:
In the snug cottage, and gay palace taste,
With universal love, kind nature's ample feast.

IX.

Cloth'd in pale and fading green,
If the hill and vale decay;
If the rose and flower are seen,
Melting on the stem away;
Or the surly breezes rise,
Sporting through the gloomy skies,
With the leaf of bush and tree,
Wafted from the wither'd lea;
Minstrels of the blooming year,
No more the verdant woodland cheer,
Whilst enthusiast Fancy roves,
Rapturous, in Elysian groves,

Quaffing joys for ever new,
Still the change is best for you.
The shifting scene, a part of Nature's plan
Brings richer good, and higher bliss to man.

X.

For this the vernal sun arose,
And kindling warmth on yon etherial blue,
From golden wing around him threw,
And strew'd the field with every flower that blows.
For this the hill and valley sung,
And hope sat warbling on the tongue.
For this the potent summer glow,
Shot through the steaming earth below,
The embryo seeds concocting strong,
Deep the enamell'd leaves among:
To Autumn still the seasons roll'd;
And richly-mellow fruits the grand design unfold.

XI.

The wond'rous scheme, my God, is thine:
Thy steps drop fatness on the lowly fields;
All these, thy gifts that Autumn yields;
And every gift proclaims a hand divine.
Let sweating Labour, stiff and brown,
That withers at thy dreadful frown,
But, at thy gracious smile, that leaps for joy,
Hymning to the God on high,
With grateful bosom, and with loud acclaim,
Declare the honour of thy name.

XII.

Now waft me far these harvest scenes above,
To blessings spotless and sublime,
Beyond the reach of changeful time,
Full in the presence of redeeming love.
Wing'd with seraphic fire,
Each strong and pure desire,

My kindling soul ascend,

The azure curtain rend,

Till in the highest noon of light and joy,

The wonders of his grace my ravish'd heart employ.

ADDRESS

TO THE

Volunteer Corps of Scotland.

WRITTEN AND PUBLISHED AT THE TIME WHEN INVASION WAS DAILY EXPECTED.

SCENE :—*The French landed, and both armies in order of battle ready to engage.*

I.

YE valiant Scots behold
The Gallic squadrons bold,
By chosen Captains led,
In fields of carnage bred,
Already marshall'd full in view ;
On the strand
See, they stand,
Resolv'd our Country to subduc.

II.

Our Fathers silver'd o'er
With age, their fate deplore,
Our wives and children dear,
With many a gushing tear,
Protection from our arm require,
Can we hear,
And forbear
To save,—or at their feet expire?

III.

Lo! fierce and frowning near,
Two mighty shades appear,
The Bruce and Wallace brave,
Rous'd from their peaceful grave,
A cloud of Scottish Patriots round;
In their sight,
We will fight,
And Gallia's proudest hopes confound.

IV.

In mute and fix'd amaze,
Surrounding nations gaze
On our insulted coast,
And deem our freedom lost,—
And shall we bow like them the knee?
Let us rush,
France to crush,
And set her crouching vassals free.

V.

The God of Battles, high
Enthron'd in yonder sky,
Now weighs Britannia's fate,
While flaming Angels wait,
And these opposing hosts survey,
From the throne,
Looking down
On the strife of this eventful day.

VI.

Our rights we will maintain,
We'll wear no Tyrant's chain;
Their proffer'd gifts we spurn,
Our breasts with ardour burn
In hottest combat to contend:
They shall see,
Soon what we
Can dare our country to defend.

VII.

Hark! trumpets sounding far,
Give signal for the war:
With dauntless hearts we go
To meet the haughty foe,
Through heaps of slain, and floods of gore;
There: the host,
Gallia's boast;
We'll conquer, or return no more.

A

Morning Walk on Cheviot.

THE sun from his resplendent throne
Of rising beams, on Cheviot shone;
With yellow ting'd the mountain's top,
And streak'd with grey the rapid slope.

Aloft on dewy pinions borne,
The lark was singing to the morn:
The russet heath-cock's tuneless throat,
Pour'd on the waste his frequent note;

The lap-wing swept the humid sky,
And scream'd with harsh, discordant cry;
And nibbling oft the juicy blade,
Among the fern, the leveret stray'd.

The merry lamb his frolicks tried,
Along the hill's green sloping side;
Or bleating on the mountain's brow,
Gaz'd on the kindling stream below.

Slow stealing up the steep ascent,
With lazy step, the shepherd went,
And as he held his winding way,
Convers'd with shrewd attentive Tray:

And now the listening cur he told
The flocks to gather to the fold,
And meet the milkmaid with her pail,
That lightly tript along the vale.

'Twas then I left my couch and flew,
To brush the silver drops of dew,
Which, twinkling in the sun-beam, play'd
On every spray, and every blade,

While joyous o'er the hills I rov'd,
And all the sweets of morning prov'd,
I climb'd the summit capp'd with heath,
Which frowns o'er all the plain beneath;

A plain extending far and wide,
Of art and Nature, joy and pride.
The dark grey mist was gath'ring fast
From Cheviot's mountains wild and vast.

I saw it down the valleys sail,
Where flow the Bowmont and the Kail,
And to the plain's remotest side,
In slow and solemn progress glide.

Above, no cloud was seen to play,
Around the glorious eye of day.
Beneath the misty vapours beat,
In silent billows, at my feet.

In currents here they move away,
And there in dimpling eddies play.
But if perchance the sportive breeze
Breathe on the light and shadowy seas.

At once the curling waves arise;
The mountain billows scale the skies;
While yawning gulphs expand below,
And all their seeming horror show.

The busy peasants roar'd, the while,
With thund ring voices at their toil;
With frequent bark the dog replied,
And loud the cock his foe defied:

But all the busy rural scene,
Lay far below the mist unseen.
What were ascending heights before,
Seem'd Isles amid the surges hoar,

Rising with green and tufted trees,
And village crown'd, from swelling seas,
Where fancy feign'd a place of rest,
With blooming spring for ever blest.

Such Otaheite's verdant coast,
By tars on boundless oceans toss'd,
Was seen emerging from the wave,
Their weather-beaten bark to save.

O happy he! my heart replied,
Who, from the bustling world aside,
Hears but its distant, dying noise,
And the unruffl'd calm enjoys.

Who sees the sun around him shine,
That sun which pours a light divine;
While unsubstantial pleasures fleet,
Like hoary vapours at his feet.

To Campbell Water.

I.

THOU purling stream, unknown to song,
On whose green banks I wander'd long,
Accept my grateful praise:
Could I immortal honours give,
Thy Naiads should for ever live,
Disporting in my lays.

II.

I see thee leave thy infant bed,
From many a mossy fountain fed,
Thy grassy verge to lave;
But soon increasing, rush away,
And through the fields and meadows play
With rippling, wanton wave.

III.

The cowslip decks thy modest brow,
The daisy dress'd in virgin snow,
Fring'd with the crimson sweet,
The hawthorn white in flow'ry pride,
The wild rose blushing by his side,
The violet at his feet.

IV.

Upon the hill, or in the dell,
Where nestling small birds crowding dwell,
The prickly furze and broom,
To scent the playful breezes rise,
And catch the sun-beam as it flies,
To tinge their golden bloom.

V.

Whilst in mid air, or tangled bush,
The lark, the linnet, and the thrush,
" In woodnotes wild," rejoice,

Thy banks resound with rural song,
With clamours of the village throng,
And Labour's thund'ring voice.

VI.

Thou know'st no proud luxurious swain,
With mimic lords, a glittering train,
The rivals of the great:
Thou know'st no simp'ring rural fair,
That scorns the dairy's useful care,
Unworthy of her state.

VII.

Frugal and plain thy swains appear,
To guide the labours of the year,
In russet robes array'd:
They uncorrupted taste the joy
Of rural life, without alloy,
By custom undismay'd.

VIII.

The Master stoops to every care;
Nor scorns the servant's toil to share,
Thy fertile vales along:
Her flowing pails, and curdling cheese,
With pride the busy housewife sees
Her blooming maids among.

IX.

The hut that totter'd in the blast,
Glaz'd o'er with smoke, away has pass'd;
And white on every height,
By thick and circling trees embrac'd,
The Farmer's dwelling gayly plac'd
Bespeaks a happier state.

X.

Still plain and virtuous be thy sons,
While that bright Orb his journey runs,
And neither rich nor poor;

Let no Monopolist appear,
From native fields and home to tear
The rough, but honest boor;

XI.

Nor bar me from Rowallan's towers, *
The sailor's hold, that sternly lowers
Mid deep-embow'ring woods,
Where waves the tree of stateliest size,
And where the vig'rous oaklings rise
To thunder on the floods.

XII.

A Scottish chief in days of old,
As hoary headed sires have told,
Was toss'd upon the main;

* A strong hold in Ayrshire, by which the Campbell runs, belonging to the Countess of Loudon and Moira.

Small was the skiff, the tempest blew;
The trembling Chieftain urg'd his crew,
The distant shore to gain.

XIII.

'Row, Allan, row,' the Baron cried,
'High on the foaming surges ride,
'And bear me safe ashore;'
'A rich domain on Campbell's side,
'O'er hill and vale extending wide,
'Is thine for evermore.'

XIV.

The quivering oar, bold Allan stretch'd;
The solid land the Baron reach'd,
And Allan won the prize;
Adorn'd with ropes of twisted stone,
Long on thy Banks Rowallan shone,
And still the storm defies.

XV.

There from the solitary tower,
When mid-night tolls her solemn hour,
And spreads her deepest shade,
The owlet pours her dreary strain,
Or skims before the startled swain,
White glancing down the glade.

XVI.

And there in robes of shining green,
The Elves to mortal eyes unseen,
Strike the harmonious strings;
And, to unearthly music sweet,
Deep on the sod, with twinkling feet,
Imprint the fairy rings.

XVII.

Here let me rest below the shade,
Or in the leafy colonade
With Meditation rove,

To cull the flow'rets of the dell,
And hear the small bird fondly tell
The ardour of his love.

XVIII.

Or mark between the parting trees,
Along the richly daisy'd leas,
The careless cattle browse;
While on the brown and grateful soil,
In ceaseless round, the peasants toil,
Loud-whistling at their ploughs.

XIX.

Or trace thy stream, now half reveal'd,
Now in the shady woods conceal'd
Among the hazels gray;
Now resting in a glassy pool,
Below the time worn covert cool,
Now bursting on the day.

XX.

And, seated on the grassy knolls,
As down the winding vail it rolls,
Survey its shining course;
And, as it boils around the stones,
Hear from afar, its plaintive tones,
Or angry murmurs hoarse;

XXI.

Note, slow and prattling, where it strays,
Meandring in delightful maze,
The vale from side to side,
Intent to taste its every sweet,
Before it pass away to meet
The Ocean's restless tide.

XXII.

But, Campbell, when the vernal hours
Heave on thy stream their waste of showers,
And maddening billows play;

How I delight to view the flood
O'er rocks and dykes so wildly scud,
And sweep the mounds away.

XXIII.

Then, then I hear thy voice on high,
Loud-roaring to the troubled sky;
I see the mounting spray,
As, headlong o'er the Cat-kirn rocks,
Thy red, rough, furious torrent smokes
On his impetuous way.

XXIV.

The little linnet on the bough,
That shades the crag's deep-wrinkled brow,
Astonish'd eyes the stream;
Scarce dares her tender strain to pour,
Amid the waters' deafening roar,
That round her arbour swim.

XXV.

But when the whelming deluge ends,
And, dark, thy lessening wave descends,
With white careering foam ;
When, warm and bright, the kindling ray,
Plays on the pool, and on the spray,
And lights her sylvan home.

XXVI.

How glad she swells her tuneful throat,
In many a clear, melodious note,
My lonely path to cheer ;
Nor sings the lovely bird in vain,
I listen to her melting strain,
And bless the songster dear.

XXVII.

Oh ! bright the days that I have seen,
Upon thy waving margin green,
Days that no more return :

With her I loved, how sweet to stray,
How swift the moments pass'd away:
But now,—I lonely mourn.

XXVIII.

Flow on, delightful stream, flow on;
Nor listen to my widow'd moan;
Thou canst not ease my pain;
For well thou know'st the Muse bewails
The fairest flow'rs that grac'd thy vales,
That ne'er shall bloom again!

ADDRESS

To an Early Snow-drop.

WHY so soon, thou lovely flower,
Nurs'd amid the icy shower,
From thy cold and frozen bed,
Dost thou lift thy pensile head?

On the hill, and on the plain,
Winter holds his cheerless reign;
Hark! along the wither'd vale,
Threat'ning loud the piercing gale.

Herald of the blooming year,
Lovely gem to Fancy dear,
Spring a sun-beam, from the skies,
Sent in haste, and bade thee rise,

Whispering in the Poet's ear,
'Infant Spring shall soon appear.'
Sweetest flow'ret of the glade,
Soon, too soon, hast thou obey'd.

For thy slender, feeble form,
Ill could bear the raging storm,
Should he mount the whirlwind's wing,
Round his sleety showers to fling.

Tell me, was thy heart beguil'd,
Brightly when last evening smil'd,
Or when morning mild, serene,
Blushing in the east was seen?

By the witching smile deceiv'd,
Oft the guileless heart has griev'd,
Weeping long its bitter woes,
Death in pity came to close.

Stooping from the leafless tree,
Red-breast gazes down on thee;
Flutters, wheels, and looks again,
And tries his long forgotten strain.

But Ah! the broken heartless note
Dies within his shivering throat,
And he murmurs in despair,
Looking through the joyless air.

Much Indeed I love to view,
Opening to receive the dew,
Thy bright cup, inlaid with green,
Rising these twin leaves between:

But would grieve to see thee low
Buried deep in wreaths of snow;
Or thy silver leaflets laid,
On the frozen ground decay'd.

Cheering Sun, arise and burn;
Quickly to these plains return,
Kindly warm this early gem,
Drooping on its humble stem.

Haste, and pour a softer gale
Down the dreary lifeless vale,
Fanning with his silken wing,
This, the first-born of the spring.

Parent of the pearly dew,
Fainting earth again renew;
Bid this little stranger see,
From her bed below the tree,

Countless flow'rets round her nod,
Sisters of the verdant sod;
Let the minstrels of the air
Strains of joy and peace prepare,

On the spray, or on the wing,
Hail the earliest gift of spring.
I will wake the sylvan reed,
And the concert gladly lead,

Till the budding trees resound,
And the vallies echo round,
Loveliest flower in Flora's train,
Welcome to the fields again!

ON A TULIP

WHICH HAD BEEN UNDERMINED BY A MOLE.

Thou lovely flow'r! why laid so low?
But yesterday, I saw thee blossom;
And Nature's brightest colours glow,
In gay confusion, on thy bosom.

From summer skies the sun-beam flew,
Delighted, on thy breast to hover;
And fondly stole the falling dew,
Thy neck with shining pearl to cover.

Erect upon thy stately stem,
That cup o'erlook'd my flow'ry treasure;
And, whilst I mark'd each glitt'ring gem,
Thy tints were still my highest pleasure.

But fading now in sad decay,
Alas! these beauteous leaflets wither:
And pale and feeble on the clay,
Thy verdant leaves and stalk together.

Why did the sable miner come,
And cruel dig my fav'rite under;
To form his lonely, rayless home,
Why did he gnaw thy root asunder?

In vain I raise thy drooping head,
In vain thy fading flow'r I cherish;
Its beauty, vigour, all is fled;
The hour is come; and thou must perish.

So fade the joys that warm the heart,
And leave behind them nought but sorrow;
The dearest friends are doom'd to part:
They live to-day, they die to-morrow.

So Bella shone in early bloom,
The darling of a tender mother;
But soon, like thee, she fill'd the tomb,
That long may wait for such another.

THE BLACKBIRD,

ON A FINE SUMMER EVENING.

DELIGHTFUL bird! no vesper lay,
Where Campbell's waters shine,
Trill'd from the tree, or bloomy spray,
Is half so sweet as thine.

To muse these spreading trees among
My careless way I held,
But soon the magic of thy song
The settling gloom dispell'd.

For who can plod in pensive mood,
While thou art warbling near,
Thy various note through twilight wood,
Resounding sweet and clear?

Say, does the Sun's departing ray,
So ruddy, mild, and warm,
Where countless rapt'rous insects play
Thy joyous bosom charm?

And seest thou yon blue dappled sky,
Where milky vapours rest,
Disclosing to the ravish'd eye,
Their downy spotless breast?

Or does this universal smile,
That cheers the parting day,
Thy fondly fluttering heart beguile,
Inspire that melting lay?

Nor setting sun, nor dappled sky,
Nor face of nature gay,
Could so delight thy beaming eye,
Inspire that melting lay.

Thy parent bosom fondly heaves
To see thy young ones born,
And hid among the closing leaves,
Which deck the scented thorn.

To see thy partner's tender care,
Her kindly glancing eyes,
That bid thee come her toil to share,
Or these love-songs arise.

O wouldst thou let me wander near
That happy bower of thine!
And sure thou hast no cause to fear
Or hand or foot of mine.

With heedful step I would advance,
And silence on my tongue,
To mark the dear, the wedded glance,
And view the tender young.

How would I drink that mellow tone
That warbles in my ear,
And think on joys for ever gone,
To me supremely dear!

For I have tasted joys like yours,
And sung a lover's lay;
Though now among these sylvan bowers,
I pine my years away.

O that no cold descending rain,
Alarm thy careful breast;
Nor storm, nor plund'rer on the plain,
Disturb thy hopeful nest.

But wife and children glad thy heart,
With every nameless joy
That sacred wedlock can impart,
And still thy song employ.

And never seek another vale,
Thy tender young to rear;
And never tell that soothing tale,
But in my list'ning ear.

To my Elbow Chair.

LET others sing of kings and courts,
Of heroes and the fair,
Of rural sports, and bloody feuds;
I sing my elbow chair.

Of elegance thou canst not boast,
But clean without a speck;
And simply neat, for daily use,
Thy dress is humble check.

But for the joyous gala days,
A splendid robe I sought,
Where many a shining figure plays,
In glowing colours wrought.

There sighing lovers ardent meet
To breathe the mutual flame;
And surly lords with brandish'd fist
Their haughty spouses tame.

The curling vines run o'er the wall,
Their purple clusters spread;
And gate-ways on the grassy turf
Raise high their sculptur'd head.

The verdant blade, or painted flower,
Creeps round the polish'd base;
Or wand'ring on the circling field,
Its ev'ry hue displays.

The thicket throws his arms around,
A covert from the heat,
To many a little bird that dwells
Secure in his retreat.

When thou art rob'd, and I have on
My glossy sunday's coat,
What dreams of wealth and state employ
My busy mounting thought.

Though fell disease in middle life,
Has plac'd me in thy lap,
Thou ne'er didst vex me with a frown,
Nor grudge at my mishap.

Oft hast thou heard my heavy groan,
And felt me toss in pain,
Till every limb of thine did shake
Yet ne'er didst thou complain.

When worn with agonizing woes,
I, peevish, left thy seat;
I found thee still at my return,
A willing, kind retreat.

Upon thy downy seat secure,
I sit or half recline,
And patiently the sorrows bear,
Which mark this lot of mine.

How hard to find a faithful friend!
Still I can boast a few,
Who, 'spite of all the storms that blow,
Are ever kind and true,

And thou art one, I daily prove,
And find thee still the same;
A faithful friend, though meanly born,
And yet unknown to fame.

If e'er returning health shall bless
This wo-worn frame again,
I never will thy lap forsake,
But in thy arms remain.

There snugly plac'd I'll count my days,
That glide so swift away,
And view the crowding ills of age,
Approach without dismay.

No bloated spider e'er shall weave
His web upon thy breast;
Nor sluggish moth-worm ever fix
In thee her silky nest.

Nor restless mouse's tooth deface
Thy robe from India's shore,
Nor dust defile;—thy nut-brown feet,
No wood-worm's wimble bore.

And while thy grateful Master owns
A coat upon his back,
A robe, when thine grows bare and thin,
Thy frame shall never lack.

Now fold me in thy circling arms,
And press me to thy breast.
And lay this weary aching frame,
Upon thy down at rest.

MICHAEL SCOT.

When erst the mitred Priest o'er half the world
From sovereign Rome his dreadful thunder hurl'd,
When trembling Scotia bent her abject knee,
And vow'd obedience to the holy see,
A yearly tribute she was forc'd to yield,
Her hardy sons from Papal curse to shield.
Their tax the needy state had long delay'd;
The day was near the tribute must be paid:
The boldest Baron on the swiftest steed
Could scarcely reach the southern banks of Tweed;
Michael, with patriot zeal engag'd to pay
The Pence at Rome before the appointed day.

The distant steeple toll'd the midnight hour,
When unattended to the ruin'd tower,
Which in the deep and dreary hollow stood,
And shew'd its turrets o'er the ancient wood.
With fearless step the wrinkled wizard sped,
The friend to summon o'er the victim's head.

In sacrifice to hell a calf he slew
On blazing wood the quivering carcase threw.

Nine times he wheel'd around the hissing flame;
Nine times he muttering call'd on Satan's name;
Nine times his Paternoster backward said,
Till blue sulphureous fires around him play'd.
Along the time-struck roof deep thunders groan'd,
From echoing vaults unearthly voices moan'd,
Oft shadowy forms were seen of haggard look,
Oft to its base the massive fabric shook.

At last the fiend, a courser's form assum'd,
Burst from the cloud, the mounting flames illum'd,
And black and fierce before the wizard stood,
To bear him o'er the field and swelling flood.

Come, quick, and waft me to imperial Rome
Ere morn has chas'd away this heavy gloom,
He said: and swift th' obedient spirit flew,
And night her darkest veil around them threw.
The intrepid Michael heard the thunders roar;
And round his head beheld red lightnings pour;
Not all the peals that rend nor fires that burn,
Could shake his heart or from his purpose turn.
Caught in the whirlwind's blast he rode sublime
And far behind him left his native clime.
Soon as in highest tracts of air he soar'd,
And loud below the sea's green billow roared,

To drown the sorcerer in the tossing brine,
And seize his soul was Satan's fix'd design.

THE hour was come when Scotia's matrons pour
The solemn prayer, their Maker's name before,
When but to name the holy and the good,
Gave Satan power to whelm him in the flood.
Him as the bosom of the cloud they press'd
With soft and guileful tongue the friend address'd:
Say, trusty Michael, at this solemn time
What sober matron's do in Scotia's clime.
" Mount," Michael growl'd, " Diabolus and fly *,
" Haste, cleave with swifter wings the starless sky."
The stern command the sullen fiend obey'd,
And dawning morn the hills of Rome display'd.
Swift wheeling from the deep the rising sun
To gild the Roman spires had just begun,

* The precise words of the legend.

When Michael reach'd the ground, his errand told,
And pour'd at Peter's feet the Scottish gold.
While glad the Pontiff eyed the shining store,
And oft the courser paw'd the hall before
The wily sorcerer pray'd, his only meed,
The Papal blessing on his weary steed.
Satan no sooner heard the holy sound,
Than fierce with rage he struck the trembling ground.
Rome felt the shock; the glittering palace shook,
And monks and friars their beads in terror took.
A fearful snort the quacking city fills,
Peals through the streets, and bounds along the hills.
One third of Rome in horrid ruins lay,
And clouds of dust obscur'd the face of day.
Unnumber'd Romans whelm'd their homes beneath,
Rush'd instantaneous to the realms of death:
From wailing friends the loud and bitter cry
Continuous burst, and rent the troubled sky.

" MICHAEL, begone," th' astonished Pontiff cried,
" No more let Scotia send across the tide
" Her fatal gold." The smiling Scot withdrew,
And o'er the prostrate land and ocean flew ;
The happy news to Scotia's chieftains bore,
And bid them send their Pence to Rome no more.

Now Michael weary to his home returns ;
But round his heart the wasting fever burns ;
And nightly voices groaning through the gloom,
Warn the pale wizard of his hapless doom.

" AND must I die ? the sullen sorcerer cried,
" I, who the powers of hell so long have tried ?
" By whose assistance in the boat I stood,
" And drove it headlong down the roaring flood ;
" That boat which bore the bride and maidens gay,
" Swift to perdition on her nuptial day.

" I push'd her back as she approach'd the shore,
" Brake in the rower's hand the dripping oar,
" Till thundering down the cataract they flew,
" And flashing sunk for ever from the view.
" I from the rocky cave the winds unchain'd,
" The scowling north of half his tempests drain'd.
" Wide on the air the furious uproar flung,
" Till heaven and earth in one mad conflict rung;
" And bade departing ghosts from yawning hell,
" On black-red clouds along the welkin yell.
" I pluck'd th' unchristen'd child from opening tomb,
" Drown'd the bright stars of heaven in thickest gloom;
" Bedim'd the dazzling sun at highest noon,
" And hung a veil of blood upon the moon.
" With mighty charms I cramp'd the sturdy swain,
" Bent into hideous shapes, or pierc'd with pain;
" Took from the pining wretch the power to move,
" His senses seal'd, to fierce delirium drove.

" In sport assumed the shape of timid hare,
" And swept the grassy field or desert bare ;
" Laugh'd as I led the dog a breathless round,
" Then in the bog the hot pursuer drown'd.
" With streams of blood I stain'd the milkmaid's hand,
" And backward forc'd the plough along the land.
" And thou my country shalt have cause to mourn,
" If I must perish, or no more return.
" When Gauls proud navy triumph'd on the foam,
" And every Scot was trembling for his home,
" The burning chips thick on the deep I threw,
" And every chip a towering vessel grew :
" The invading foe beheld with pale dismay,
" And turn'd his coward sail and fled away.
" For thee careering winds I fearless trod,
" And pled thy cause before the mitred god.
" And must I leave thee ? no : one potent spell
" Remains to save me from the depths of hell."

His faithful servant by his order flew,
A straw to find with three clear drops of dew;
And many a pair he found along the plain;
But search'd for three the spangled straws in vain.
" My doom is fix'd, the pale magician cried,
" My last, my strongest spell, shall now be tried.
" In brazen caldron throw my lifeless frame,
" And into jelly boil it o'er the flame,
" Then deep conceal it in the steaming heap;
" From every mortal the dread secret keep.
" Nine times when yon pale moon has fill'd her horn,
" In vigorous youth, I shall again be born."
He said; his eye grew dim, his spirit fled,
He sunk a pallid corpse upon his bed.
Six moons returned; the servant long'd to see,
What wizard form might in the caldron be:
The pot he raised, and saw with hagard eye,
Fast ripening into life a lusty boy.

Amaz'd, the tidings to the priest he brought,
Disclos'd the witchcraft, and his counsel sought.
Rouse, said the staring monk, the hottest flame,
And burn to ashes quick the hellish frame.
If Michael wrought so many bitter woes,
Before his eyes accurs'd were seen to close;
What frightful ruin on our plains shall burn?
If perverse wizards from the dead return?

The Fairy Gown.

To winding Leader's murmuring flood,
From fairy land the Rhymer hied *,
To cheer his home, that tow'ring stood,
And frown'd upon the passing tide.

The Queen of Fairies left her powers,
To bring her prophet on his way;
And linger'd long in Rhymer's bowers,
The lonely wood with him to stray.

His dame the shining stranger saw,
And listen'd oft her voice to hear;
And oft she stole with chilling awe,
From sash, or tangled bush to peer.

* For the history of Rhymer, see the ingenious and elegant writings of Walter Scot, Esq.

They talk'd the joyous hours away,
Along the newly-shaven grass,
Till weary, from the parching ray,
They sought the cool and dark recess.

Far from the rustic's rude alarms,
They sunk upon the velvet green;
And, lock'd within the fairy's arms,
The Rhymer fast asleep was seen.

Lest prying eyes should find them there,
The wary housewife quickly sped,
And gently hid the slumbering pair
With woolly blanket from her bed.

The fairy wak'd, and frowning cried,
I know the hand, this trick has play'd;
Thy jealous wife our haunt espied;
But soon her care shall be repaid.

This robe of crimson silk bestow,
And bid her, dress'd, at church appear.
She, in the hallow'd place, shall know
The wrath of fairy-queen to fear.

Deck'd in the rich and glittering gown,
She joyous flew to bend her knee;
And as she shone along the town,
Her pining neighbours ran to see.

On her each wondering eye was turn'd,
As slow she walk'd the church along;
And every female bosom burn'd,
And ceas'd to chaunt the holy song.

Soon as she tried the sacred sound,
Her gown resign'd its gorgeous hues,
And fell in cobwebs to the ground,
Or flutter'd o'er the taunting pews.

Swift from her neighbours' bitter jeer,
In tears, she fled to Rhymer's tower;
But while the fairy queen was near,
She sought no more the secret bower.

EVANDER.

MAJESTIC Tweed o'erleapt his shore,
Big swollen with Harvest's rushing rain;
And strove to melt the mountains hoar,
And roll their rough rocks to the main.

The forest felt the ceaseless shocks,
And trembled on his yielding side;
The river caught their bushy locks,
And drown'd them in the furious tide.

The wildly-vaulting surges threw
Their foaming mist against the sky;
And, as the deafening torrent flew,
With dazzling speed, beguil'd the eye.

At this dread hour, no little boat,
Urg'd by the boldest mortal hand,
Dar'd on his yawning gulphs to float,
And hope to reach the solid land.

'Twas then Evander from the fair *
Rode thoughtful thro' the Prayer wood ; †
To reach his home, his only care,
That on the farther margin stood.

As fast he urg'd his lonely way,
The woodland vanish'd from his view ;
His senses stole in sleep away,
His eye-lids clos'd ;—no more he knew.

* Melrose Fair.
† A Field near Melrose.

The Queen of Fairy chanc'd to stray
Among the tall but fading trees;
She met Evander on his way,
And flew the honest swain to seize.

Her elves, in curling leaflets hid,
Ran when they heard their sovereign cry:
A fairy sat on every lid,
And pressing softly, seal'd his eye.

They rock'd his brain to deep repose,
They banish'd far the fearful dream;
And sturdy elves, their sovereign chose,
Convey'd him o'er the raging stream.

Where Allan winds his dreary rill, *
Through dark-brown heath, and rushes green,
Beneath the soft and mouldering hill,
The stream has dug the Nameless Dean.

* A rivulet that empties itself into the Tweed, opposite Melrose.

In this retreat, so wild and lone,
The playful Fairies come to toil,
In countless works of yielding stone,
Carv'd where the gentle eddies boil.

The drows'd Evander here they laid
Below the chill and dewy star;
His bed of heath and rushes made;—
But from his wife and children far.

With ruddy morning's early beam
The spell dissolv'd, Evander left
His clay-cold bed beside the stream,
Of half his perfect mind bereft.

With stupid gaze, the brook he eyed,
That groaning runs along the glen,
The joyless hill, the desert wide;
But all in vain: they mock'd his ken.

Three days he wander'd on the waste,
In shivering cold, or driving rain;
Till, faint and sad, he mark'd at last,
His cottage rising on the plain.

The hapless swain was blythe no more,
But led his days in pensive gloom;
On Allan still he seem'd to pore,
And sunk dejected to the tomb.

THE SWALLOWS AND THE SPARROW.

NO FABLE.

I.

Two swallows once their station took
High in a window's topmost nook,
And built their dwelling there.
Returning yearly from abroad,
They still resum'd their snug abode,
Domestic joys to share.

II.

In peace they liv'd for many a year
No swallow dar'd to interfere,
Of all the jetty throng;

Not one of their own numerous race,
But look'd with reverence on the place,
And fear'd to do them wrong.

III.

At last, a roving sparrow came,
A ruffian void of fear and shame,
When they were far from home;
Finding the nest so clean and neat,
There he resolv'd to fix his seat
For seasons yet to come.

IV.

Returning with the blooming May,
The swallows wing'd their joyful way
Back to their clay-built cell,
To spend the summer as before;
But Sparrow strictly watch'd the door
All intrants to repel.

V.

The rightful owners thought it hard
From their own house to be debarr'd,
And by an alien too.
At once, resolving, or to die,
Or make the proud usurper fly,
The wrathful Swallows flew.

VI.

The Sparrow, fenc'd on ev'ry side,
Fierce in the door their rage defied,
And drove them from the field:
Oft to the charge they turn'd again,
And hard they fought; but fought in vain,—
The Sparrow scorn'd to yield.

VII.

The Swallows finding battle vain,
Yet griev'd to bear so foul a stain
To them and all their kin:

On vengeful pinions swept away,
And swift return'd with miry clay,
And built the felon in.

VIII.

Careless he saw them at his door,
With shivering beaks alternate pore,
And no disturbance gave:
But, soon enclos'd, and wanting breath,
He felt the pow'rful hand of death,
And sunk into the grave.

IX.

The same be each Usurper's fate,
Whether of high or low estate;
And righteous is the doom,
That he who takes another's wealth,
Life, liberty, by force, or stealth,
Restore, or fill the tomb.

ON THE

DEATH OF A RED-BREAST

Which was killed by a Cat.

Poor Robin, thou'rt fated to die!
No longer with me canst thou stay;
Sweet bird, of the full-beaming eye,
Thou'rt lifeless and cold as the clay.

I flew when thy danger I saw,
The blood-thirsty foe to restrain;
I pluck'd thee in haste from her paw;
But all my endeavours were vain.

Both gloomy and cold was the air,
And leafless, the bush and the tree;
The field and the garden were bare;
Thy nest had no shelter for thee.

The young ones were feather'd and flown,
The sweetness of freedom to taste;
Thy charmer had left thee alone,
Forgetful of joys that are past.

To gather the crumbs on my floor,
And safe in my room to remain,
Thou boldly didst enter my door,
Till Spring should revisit the plain.

Around thee, the winter may lower;
The loud-piping tempest may rave;
Such terrors affright thee no more;
Thou'rt safe:—but it is in the grave.

I'll meet thee no more as I stray
Abroad to inhale the fresh air;
Nor see thee again on the spray,
Nor listen thy carol to hear.

Thy pinions so nimble before,
Lie ragged and stiff on the ground;
Thy feathers besprinkled with gore,
Are scatter'd and floating around.

The glance of thy keen-piercing eye,
Thy motions so sprightly and free,
Thy breast of a soft crimson dye,
No more shall give pleasure to me.

Let darkness brood over the day,
The creatures began to destroy;
Let sadness, and fear, and dismay,
Bereave it of light and of joy.

Poor Robin, thou'rt fated to die,
To cruel destroyers a prey:
Sweet bird of the full-beaming eye,
Thou'rt lifeless and cold as the clay.

STAR GATHERING.

Written on hearing that his highly esteemed friend Mrs M—l, was collecting a parcel of the newspaper, called the *Star*, for the purpose of sending them to the Rev. Mr M'C. then lately gone to Nova Scotia.

ONCE from earth to heaven soaring
Shap'd the Muse her daring flight;
Ether's boundless fields exploring
Skimm'd the orbs of silver light.

There her idle sonnet humming,
Lost the twinkling spheres among,
She descried her Anna coming,
Welkin's lucid paths along.

In her hand of gold and azure,
Richly wrought a casket shone,
Fill'd with stars a radiant treasure,
Glean'd the blue expanse upon.

Glad the fair one to discover,
Kindest of the friendly few;
Swift to greet the vent'rous rover,
Along the milky way she flew.

Muttering, What, these stary wonders?
Goodness far outshines them all;
She when burst the final thunders
Undismay'd shall see them fall:

Sacred Friendship! warmly glowing
In the frank and honest mind;
Precious gift of Heaven's bestowing
To sooth the cares of human kind!

Not these orbs in ether wheeling
Rulers of primordial night;
Fix'd in yon refulgent ceiling
Clustering points of balmy light;

Not from solar chariot beaming
Clear and mild the genial ray,
Not from purest fountain streaming
Rills through flowery vales that play;

Not the rose of sweetest flavour
Bliss like friendship can impart,
Next to Heaven's redeeming favour,
Dearest solace of the heart.

Tuneful fancies so combining
Light the fields of air she press'd,
Till her right hand fondly joining,
Thus her smiling friend address'd:

"Anna! why the paths of ether
"Steep and giddy dost thou try?
"Stary gems, she said, to gather,
"I have scal'd the lofty sky.

" See, afar, yon pensive figure
" Torn from friends and native soil,
" Doom'd to brave Acadia's rigour,
" Among her rugged sons to toil."

Down between two spangles peeping
O'er the far-resounding flood,
She descried, M'C—h creeping
Doubtful through the dusky wood.

Not a tuneful wild bird knew him,
Not a stream that murmur'd by;
Foxes wondering came to view him,
Tygers stared with cruel eye.

Scowled from tangled brake the savage
Fiercest of the prowling kind,
Pondering deeds of blood and ravage
In his dark unfeeling mind.

Sighed the gentle forest ranger,
As his humble shed he sought,
" Thy lov'd home, bewildered stranger,
" Lies in eastern climes remote.

" For, she said that child of sorrow,
" By misfortune sorely tried,
" These ethereal gems I borrow,
" And dispatch them o'er the tide.

" When the log-house low, unsightly,
" Rough with twigs and rustling leaves,
" To the faggot blazing brightly,
" Him at falling night receives."

" Gathering fogs, cold, dark and lazy,
" Crawling from the humid shore
" Wide unfold their mantle hazy,
" On the plains and mountains hoar;

" Roaring storms with polar fury,
" Sweep from Greenland's frozen shores,
" Deep the lifeless desert bury
" Beneath a waste of brumal stores;

" These shall rise on his lone dwelling,
" Shedding round a cheerful ray,
" Dense incumbent shades dispelling
Till the glad return of day.

" From their glittering summits leaning
" Fame with him shall oft converse,
" Wonderous tales of Europe gleaning,
" In his trembling ear rehearse.

" Oft as to the tale he listens,
" Memory's busy power shall raise,
" While his eye with salt drops glistens
" Happy scenes of other days.

" Fancy too her art combining,
" High shall wave her magic wand ;
" Swift on rapid winds reclining,
" Waft him to his native land.

" Before his eye her fairy shadows,
" Quickly shifting, shall display ;
" Hamlet, trees, and fields and meadows,
" Where he first beheld the day.

" Now he seeks the crowded city,
" Now his smiling friends rejoins ;
" Now to hear the blackbirds ditty,
" Blithe on woodland heights reclines.

" Now repairs as twilight gathers,
" Her grey shadows round his head,
" To the spot where sleep his fathers
" Low among the silent dead.

" Earth shall vanish as he ponders,
" Earth with all her bitter woes,
" Opening skies the glorious wonders
" Of the promis'd rest disclose.

" Long the mounting dream shall hover
" O'er his head with visions gay,
" Till the lonely pensive rover
" Shall forget he's far away.

The Shepherd's Farewell.

COME, sportive Campbell, cease a while
To nurse these blooming flowers
That fringe thy side, and gaily smile
Among the hazel bowers:

And bid these tinkling rills be mute
That o'er thy pebbles play,
And listen to their shepherd's flute,
That breathes a plaintive lay.

With quivering lip I wake the strain,
And sing a long farewell,
Where Campbell's amber streams complain,
No more the note to swell.

The little bird that builds her nest
Amid the thorny brake,
Shall at my tread no more distress'd
Her feathered home forsake.

Nor as with musing step I chance,
To wander on thy side,
The golden trout in terror glance
Along the crystal tide.

My silent reed, my useless crook,
In sadness I resign;
Yon flock that nibbles by the brook
Is now no longer mine.

O how I lov'd their steps to lead
By gushing waters still,
Safe in the shelt'ring vale to feed,
To rest upon the hill.

How heedful would I mark the spot,
Where deadly serpents lay;
How watch around the slumbering cote
To chase the wolf away!

Go, hapless flock, how bless'd before!
Go wander unconfin'd;
I'll mark your path at ease no more,
In verdant grot reclin'd.

Nor where the shrubby mountain heaves,
The milk-white lambkin see,
Afar look through the twinkling leaves,
And gaily skip to me.

That stately beech that waves on high,
The fairest of the field,
In whose deep shade I lov'd to lie,
Your shepherd now must yield,

The tapering spire, the gilded dome,
The seat of ancient kings,
Where myriads fix their chosen home,
A sickly pleasure brings.

The streamlet of the winding vale,
The bush and spreading tree,
The rose that scents the sighing gale
Are sweeter far to me.

Not half so sweet yon spiry fane
On high renews the song,
As that blithe lark her matin strain,
That soars the clouds among.

O Campbell, while this bosom beats,
And reason holds the rein,
Shall Fancy linger in thy seats,
And wander on the plain.

In memory still thy stream shall flow,
And murmur in my ear,
The blackbird sing, the cowslip blow,
Thy gladsome vale to chear.

Cull'd by my hand the richest blade,
My clustering flock shall share;
Or trace the wild or in the shade
Repose beneath my care.

Farewell sweet stream, yet, yet I may
On thy green banks recline,
(So whispers hope,) and sighing say,
These pleasures once were mine.

EVENING.

The Sun his golden car is wheeling,
Far upon the western main;
Sober Eve comes softly stealing
O'er the still and fading plain.

On a cloud with setting glory,
Bright as amber, skirted round,
Like the youth in ancient story,
Fancy fearless left the ground.

Through the gulphs of ether gliding,
Soon she reach'd the dewy moon,
In unclouded splendours riding
Swiftly to her highest noon.

Thence with ardour upward strolling,
In their round she left to stray,
Far below the planets rolling
Ceaseless round the car of day.

To the highest heavens towering,
Azur'd arches met her sight,
Whence ten thousand stars were pouring,
Mingling streams of silver light.

Waving lines of starry lustres,
Pendent from the throne sublime,
Interspers'd with blazing clusters,
Burning from the first of time.

O'er the blue etherial ceiling,
Rich with "golden worlds inlaid,"
Charms to earth unknown revealing,
Countless frolic meteors play'd.

Bath'd in light's eternal fountain,
Down the long and winding vale,
O'er the hill, along the mountain,
Beaming clear she saw them sail.

As the dew-drops of the morning,
Sparkling seeds by Nature sown,
Far and near the fields adorning,
Thick bestrew'd the milky zone.

Suns, with life and vigour teeming,
While their systems round them sweep,
In harmonious mazes swimming,
Stud the vast unmeasur'd deep.

Stooping to those crystal towers,
As enraptur'd poets tell,
Troops of white-rob'd heavenly powers
Often come a while to dwell.

Quaffing cups of rapt'rous pleasures,
Oft the golden lyres they ring;
Whilst in high seraphic measures,
Choirs of dulcet voices sing.

Then the Zephyrs cease complaining,
Drop the wing, and listen nigh;
Moons and stars, their speed restraining,
Ravish'd lift their hands on high.

These are but the rough foundations
Of that high and bless'd abode,
Where in peace the purchas'd nations
Serve their Saviour and their God.

That expanse of gold and azure,
Hides from Fancy's keenest gaze
A brighter and a richer treasure
Than all the stars that round her blaze.

Heavenly faith, receive a feather
From the wing of mystic dove,
And mounting far beyond the ether,
Waft me to the seats above.

Shew me happy spirits reigning,
Countless round the silver throne,
None of sin or death complaining,
Ills in paradise unknown.

Lead me to the golden mountains,
Where frankincense ever grows,
Or to pure and living fountains,
Whence the crystal river flows.

Let me hear a song of Zion,
Loud and sweet from every string,
To the praise of Judah's Lion,
And the great eternal King.

Heavenly choirists kindly vying,
Every lyre in transport rung,
Gentle Seraph quickly flying
Touch my cold unskilful tongue.

Wake the purest highest feeling
In the holy strife to join,
Till their raptures o'er me stealing
I kiss the feet of Love divine.

The Complaint.

How gladly I stray'd on the banks of the Campbell,
To mark how his streamlet runs murmuring by,
To gaze on the roses that deck the rough bramble,
And hear the sweet lark as she sings in the sky!

Still murmurs the streamlet, and smiles the fair blossom,
And still the sweet lark is seen mounting on high;
But Peace has forsaken the valley's green bosom,
And vanish'd is ev'ry bright vision of joy.

Where musing I lay the red banners are streaming,
And loud the hoarse trumpet is sounding to war;
And, bright through the trees, the fix'd bayonet is gleaming,
While cannons' dread thunder is heard from afar,

The bee at her toil, on the flow'rs of white clover,
Beguil'd my distress with her sweet-soothing hum;
But now she is gone other vales to discover,
Beyond the tumultuous peals of the drum.

And gone is the blackbird in fluttering disorder,
That pour'd on the whispering breezes her song,
To cheer my lone steps on the Campbell's green border,
As wooing the muses I wander'd along.

The swains from their fields and their meadows come trooping,
The free myrmidonian phalanx to join;
While each lovely maid for her Colin is drooping,
And mingles her bashful complainings with mine.

Ye nations, how long will ye seek the false glory,
So dearly obtain'd by the point of the sword?
How long will ye riot in fields that are gory,
And shout o'er the havoc of warfare abhorr'd?

No longer repine at your neighbour's condition,
Nor spurn at the happy relations of peace,
Oh! listen no more to devouring ambition;
But suffer these fatal contentions to cease.

Your madness has wasted the earth's fairest regions,
And quench'd the delightful effulgence of day;
The mountains and hills, at the march of your legions,
Did shake to their centre, and melted away. *

I gaz'd on the plain; but no more was the peasant,
I look'd, but the birds of the heavens were fled,
And waste was the field, once so rich and so pleasant,
And low in the dust the proud city was laid.

* Jer. iv. 23, &c.

'Tis enough, let your sabre, by slaughter encrusted
Go seek in its scabbard eternal repose;
Too long for the blood of the slain has it lusted:
At last let mankind see an end to their woes.

WRITTEN

ON THE DEATH OF THE

Rev. Alexander Moncrieff.

HEARD ye those deep and dying groans,
And those succeeding shrieks of woe?
A husband dies—a wife bemoans
The loss of dearest joys below.

See that bright guard of Seraphs wing,
Their flight to yonder opening sky;
Hear that harmonious shout: "We bring
"Moncrieff to our abodes on high."

I saw him steal one parting look,
Unseen, unfelt, one parting kiss,
Of wife and babes, as he forsook
This vale of tears for endless bliss.

Hung o'er his bed in speechless woes,
Loth, loth to part, his trembling mate
Beheld his eyes in darkness close;
And mourns in dust her widow'd state.

The infant prattling at her knee,
Unconscious that his sire has been,
Is pleased the pomp of death to see,
And smiles and wonders at the scene;

Or asks what mean his mother's woes,
And weeps because his mother weeps;
Or, in the lap of soft repose,
Unstung by grief or care he sleeps.

Her hour approaches fast the while,
The darkest hour that woman knows,
And robb'd of him whose cheerful smile,
Was wont to sooth her cruel throes.

Sweet, helpless babe: thy mother's joy,
Thy mother's grief, thou ne'er shalt bless
Thy Father's fond exulting eye,
And never hear him call thee his.

He ne'er on thy bewitching face
Shall gaze his melting soul away;
And fold thee in his warm embrace;
Nor smile to see thy infant play.

Nor hear thee lisp a father's name,
The sweetest sound a father hears,
Nor feel thy ills convulse his frame,
Nor mark with grief thy gushing tears.

If pleasure strive to turn aside,
Or care thy tender heart dismay,
Thou hast no father now to guide
Thy slippery steps in Wisdom's way.

Sweet Flow'ret, thou must often meet
Upon the wild, the driving storm
Shall lay thee prostrate at its feet,
And roll in dust thy lovely form.

Only the weeping willow's left
To shield thee from the wind and rain,
And she, of shelter now bereft,
Bends to each blast that sweeps the plain.

Ye storms of life, blow soft, blow low,
O spare the flowret's fenceless head,
And spare the plants that round it grow
Beneath a mother's feebler shade.

Ye genial skies, on every hand,
Your choicest favours round them pour,
Till heaven convey them to that land
Where storms nor waste nor harass more.

WRITTEN

AFTER VISITING

THE GRAVE OF MY ELDEST SON.

Oh William! when I saw thee last,
Though sick and weak, thou still wast mine;
But now the bitter hour is past,
And this dark lonely grave is thine.

Dear, sleeping dust, thou canst not know
Thy Father at thy grave attends,
To view the spot where thou liest low,
While grief his bursting bosom rends.

O had I seen thy moments close,
And borne thee to this lowly bed,
My fainting soul had found repose,
Or else with slighter wounds had bled.

With slow and tottering step I creep
To taste the luxury of grief,
Where cold thy lifeless ashes sleep,
And seek one moment's poor relief.

Ah, poor relief! for what is left?
To hear my groan the grave disdains;
Of earthly joy my soul bereft,
Without one beam of hope complains.

The shaft by which the mother died,
Glanc'd deadly on her fav'rite son;
In death thou slumb'rest by her side,
Your sorrows o'er, but mine begun.

When forc'd from her, I lov'd to part,
I fondly thought to ease my pain,
And press her darling to my heart;
But all my gilded hopes are vain.

Back to my desert home I turn,
Nor peace nor pleasure more to see;
Around my heart fierce sorrows burn,
Till here, at rest, I sleep with thee.

Oh, William, when I saw thee last,
My yearning heart still call'd thee mine;
But now the fatal die is cast:
My claim is lost;—this grave is thine.

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE LATE

JAMES MAKITTRICK ADAIR, M. D.

ADAIR, to thee I string my lyre,
And pour my soul into the song,
For should not worth my bosom fire?
To worth the poet's lays belong.

When rebels fought in Stewart's Cause,
And many a heart was chilled with fear
For British liberty and laws,
Thy country saw thee grasp the spear: *

* Dr Adair, when a mere youth, was a Volunteer at the battle of Falkirk, and fought by his father's side.

Beheld a stripling nobly brave
In fields of blood the keenest sword;
Scorning to live a fettered slave,
And cringe before a tyrant lord.

The child of woe ne'er met thy view
Nor sought thy healing hand in vain;
No higher joy thy bosom knew
Than to relieve distressful pain.

The pride of wealth, the smiles of power
Thy generous heart could not debase;
The meanest wretch in sorrow's hour,
Thy kindness ne'er disdained to raise.

Nor chilling night nor wintry skies,
Nor palsy's threat thy soul appall'd,
The grave itself thou could'st despise,
And all its gloom when friendship call'd. *

* Note.

While selfish patriots only feel
For British Isles, a little span,
Thy heart embraced the general weal,
The freedom and the peace of man.

Receding through the gloomy waste
Where Sceptics urge their cheerless way,
The Saviour long thy footsteps traced,
And found thee wandering far astray.

Back to the right with tender care
Thy devious steps he slowly brought;
Subdued thy heart, and bade thee share
The various good his blood had bought.

Still higher raised thy glistening eyes
His bright'ning glory still disclosed,
Till in the favour of the skies,
Serene and firm thy hope reposed.

I mark'd the change with secret joy,
And blessed the work of love divine,
And oft implored the God on high,
His choicest blessings might be thine.

How blest the fleeting days we spent
In social glee or sacred lore:
Death saw; his fatal bow he bent,
And those delights return no more.

Mature in fame, mature in years,
I saw thee with immortals blend,
And wept with undissembled tears
My ever kind and faithful friend.

The dear remembrance of thy love
Shall ever sooth my lab'ring breast,
Till angels call me from above
To join thee in the land of rest.

Another friend I yet may find
Alike my joys and griefs to share;
A kindred soul sincere and kind,
But none that shall surpass Adair.

Should figured Urn nor breathing bust,
Nor sculptur'd stone record thy name,
And point the stranger to thy dust,
The Muse shall sing thy deathless fame.

Where sleeps in death thy weary head,
The child of woe shall oft appear,
And round thy grave shall lightly tread,
And sighing, say, Adair lies here.

NOTE.

This is strictly true; my intimate friend the Rev. Mr S. of Air, having informed the Dr that the Author lay seemingly at the point of death in a fever, and that no physician could be found, he instantly asked, "Would you wish me to go?" On being reminded of his age, his infirmities, the length of the journey, and the severity of the weather, he replied with great animation; "I am an old man, above seventy years of age, and near the grave at any rate, while he is but a young man—what is my life to his, I will go though I should die in the attempt." Although he had been long out of business, and was in possession of an independent fortune; he instantly set off with Mr S. travelled all night, and for eight successive days and nights, often not going to bed at all, and with very little rest when he did go, he watched his friend, till his skilful and unwearied exertions were blessed with complete success. The Author is happy in having the opportunity of acknowledging, in this public manner, his obligations to that able physician and worthy man.

NIGHT.

Now Phœbus is closing his radiant eye
In slumbers behind the green wave of the west;
Eve sprinkles her dews and refreshes the sky,
And calls on the weary from labour to rest.

How silent is Nature, and still as the grave:
Not a voice nor a sound interrupts her repose,
Save the far-distant roar of the seas rolling wave,
That one little moment of rest never knows.

Already the floweret with gladness perceives
The change so delightful where fainting she lay;
Imbibes the cool moisture, and folding her leaves,
Reposes in peace till the dawn of the day.

Lo! safe in the midst of the rough tangled brake,
The small bird asleep with his head on his wing;
The murmuring bees, till the morning awake,
In the door of their mansion delightfully sing.

At rest on her pasture no longer the sheep
Makes valleys and hills with her bleatings resound,
The shepherd is sunk on the bosom of sleep,
His children around him, his dog on the ground.

The clamorous mirth of the school-boys at play,
The sound of the hammer, the noise of the loom,
The harsh grating saw, and the boor at his dray
Loud roaring, no longer disturb the still gloom.

Ye sons of affliction, whose eyes never close,
That number the hours as they creep on their way,
And scarce can remember the sweets of repose,
How soothing the splendors of Luna's wan day!

How softly the moon-beam steals o'er the lone room,
Peeps thro' the close curtain, and lights on the eye,
That languishing swims in the shades of the tomb,
And trembles to see the bright sun in the sky.

Yon clear dewy stars in their glorious career,
Look in at our casement, with radiance divine,
The long lonely night of the mourner to cheer,
And lighten the pain of your sufferings and mine.

Hark, whispering low from the brow of the hill,
The breezes in pity fall soft on the ear,
And gently the voice of the swift-passing rill;
To reason announcing thy Maker is near.

He watches the couch of the sad and the gay;
He closes the eye, or commands it to mourn,
And chaces the terrors of darkness away,
Till morning with life and enjoyment return.

With all the regard of a Father he views,
From his throne in the heavens, his children below;
Their powers in the lap of repose he renews,
Encreasing their pleasure, relieving their woe.

As morning beams o'er the blue vault of the skies,
And loud the sweet bird is renewing her song;
To him let the anthem of gratitude rise,
Who scatters his favours our dwellings among.

But chief let me sing the delights of his love,
The fruits of his mercy on sinners bestow'd,
The lay that enraptures the Harpers above,
My Saviour that praise in their blissful abode.

To the Dawn.

FAIR Dawn, these eyes have sought thee long,
All sleepless through the ling'ring night:
But sought in vain the shades among,
For but one glimm'ring beam of light.

Each moment as it slowly pass'd,
I watch'd to see thy cheering face;
And now my fainting soul, at last,
Thy features in my room can trace.

Let bards that seldom heave a groan,
Describe thy beauties on the plain;
I sing them here, who tossing moan,
Through dreary nights protracted reign.

The flowers of art that deck my bed,
Had vanish'd from my sight before;
But now thy fingers round my head,
The lovely mimic spring restore.

And I can count each little spray,
Each leaf, and bud, and spreading flower:
I mark how in thy beam they play,
And hail with me thy cheering hour.

Nor glitter they with falling dew,
Nor tremble in the wandering breeze;
But still they flourish in my view,
And Fancy's playful bosom please.

No little bird renews her song,
And charms me with her matin lay;
But mute these gaudy flow'rs among,
The warbler sports in seeming play.

I once with thee could sweep the green,
The dewy hill, and flow'ry plain;
But these delightful days have been,
And never shall return again.

Disease still shoots along my veins,
And lights his fires around my heart;
Deep, deep the burning mischief reigns,
And still derides the healing art.

In vain I court the solar heat,
In vain o'er breezy fields I range;
Swift and more swift my pulses beat,
And warn me of that awful change.

Soon lovely Dawn, these eyes shall close
That gaze upon thy spreading ray,
Nor heed the brightest beam that glows,
Nor all the splendors of the day.

The Winter Day.

WRITTEN IN A TIME OF GREAT DISTRESS.

Oh gloomy day, in sables drest!
Friendly to sadness and to me!
How well the heart with ills oppress'd,
And thy dejecting glooms agree!

Nor dazzling sun-beam gilds the sky,
Nor milky clouds their bosom show;
Nor soaring lark salutes the eye,
Nor up the vale mild zephyrs blow;

To thee belong not joys like these,
Joys which my bosom once could warm;
Nor do I ask them;—for disease,
And cares like mine, they cannot charm.

But thine yon harbinger of woe,
The boding raven croaking loud,
On pow'rful pinion sailing slow,
Beneath the dense and sluggish cloud.

And thine the intermitting blast,
Hoarse sounding through the leafless trees.
They tell me of afflictions past,
And present griefs:— and therefore please

See chucking, from that Larix tree,
The blackbird hastens far away;
Alas! he flies a wretch like me,
No more that listens to his lay.

Could I but take his pinions too,
And ride upon that angry wind;
I'd fly as swiftly as he flew,
And leave this woe-worn dust behind.

Sweet hope! the happy day shall come,
(Oh that the ling'ring day were near!)
When I shall reach my promis'd home,
Nor pain nor sorrow more to fear.

X

THUNDER.

Lo, from the sky red lightning's pour :
And, hark, the rolling thunders roar,
And shake the distant pole ;
See, small birds shiver on the wing,
Or on the bough forget to sing,
Convuls'd their little soul.
The playful children scudding run,
Each to his home, the storm to shun,
With terror in their face ;
In solemn dread, the sturdy swain
Marks on the dark and silent plain,
The bolt that round him plays.

I see the clouds in fiery red,
Or pitchy glooms their bosom spread,
Where milk-white vapours fly
Now here now there, in wild career ;
The sound of distant rains I hear
Rush from the parting sky.
Let Sceptics tell of Nature's law,
I feel the universal awe,
And own myself a worm.
I own the voice of God on high,
Who shakes the earth, who rends the sky ;
And walks upon the storm.
The holy Seers foretell the day
When lightnings fiercer far shall play,
And deeper thunders roar :
All Nature then shall see the flash,
And hear the dreadful final crash,
And in the dust adore.

The solemn scene what tongue can tell,
When Heaven's last trump its loudest swell,
Along the sky shall pour;
When countless Angels tread the wind,
And Nature's ancient ties unbind,
To rule her works no more?
When clouds and skies together run,
And darkness clothe the dazzling sun,
And moon and planets die,
For ever, in the dreary tomb,
Of ancient Night's primeval gloom,
In full eclipse to lie.
The boundless treasures of the rain,
Which float in yon etherial plain,
Shall on that day be dried;
The fervent heat shall seize the main,
And all its foaming billows drain,
That sport along the tide.

The crystal rill no more shall stray,
The bubbling fountain sink away,
And mighty torrent end;
The pillars of the world shall bow,
The rocks and mountains melting flow,
And vales asunder rend.
The flame shall to the centre burn,
Earth into sightless ruins turn,
With all the works of art;
Then must the man of earth forego
The joys he fondly sought below,
The idols of his heart.
When those concluding thunders peal,
What int'rest shall this bosom feel,
On that eventful day?
What solemn awe, what cheering joy,
Shall then my panting heart employ
And steal my soul away?

O be the Thunderer then my friend,
And bid his hosts my soul defend,
And all my terrors cease :
Then shall the closing fires obey,
And turn their forky tongues away,
And let me pass in peace.
Then shall I mount their rapid wing,
And haste away to meet my King,
Enthron'd in clouds of light;
And mixing with the heavenly throng,
Swell high and sweet the rapt'rous song,
With ever-new delight.

TO DEATH.

TERRIFIC King, poor mortals dread:
Long hast thou hover'd o'er my head,
And round thy frightful terrors spread,
My wounded soul to terrify.
I see thy shaft upon the bow,
I hear the rushing of thy blow;
It comes, it comes:—Destroyer know,
I now shall fall triumphantly.
He that expir'd upon the tree,
And rose again to succour me,
Has pluck'd the deadly sting from thee;
Strike then, and give me liberty.

Three times the bow thy vengeance drew,
Three times the fatal arrow flew,
And ev'ry time my comfort slew,
And left me mourning bitterly.

I feel, deep trenching in my heart,
The point of thy envenom'd dart;
I feel its cruel, cruel smart
Drink up my spirits rapidly.

The joys that now before me play,
No pleasure to this heart convey,
Hear then my suit, and let me lay
These bones low in their sepulchre.

There on my mould'ring ashes feed
Thy hateful brood, 'tis all the meed,
Which righteous Heaven for thee decreed,
Thy hungry maw to gratify.

For this immortal spark shall shine,
In spite of thee in light divine,
Where never gleam'd that dart of thine,
Nor groan'd the child of misery.

Ev'n thou at last shalt lose thy prey;
At last shall dawn the happy day,
When Jesus shall this dust convey
To reign above eternally.

Then, welcome Death, the sick man's friend!
O let thy stroke at length descend,
And these protracted sorrows end
In glorious Immortality!

ON THE

Approach of Winter.

Now hoary November creeps down the green vale
Where Annat runs clear through high arching trees;
He frowns and the late blooming rose-bud looks pale
And faints at the touch of his cold nipping breeze.

O'er the rough towering Arran grim vapours arise
In mountains portentous fantastic and vast;
In darkness they shroud the blue vault of the skies
And ride on the wing of the muttering blast.

The white-footed hoar frost runs over the field
And murmuring hoarsely the streamlets complain;
The woods are compell'd their last honours to yield,
And shivering Red-breast returns from the plain.

I hear the loud surges that raise from the deep
Their white curling heads to the tempest reply,
As wrathful they rush on the dark frowning steep,
Or playfully spout their brine to the sky.

Philander looks out from his cabin to see
The mournful decline of the languishing year:
" And welcome he cries the rude season to me ;
" No terrors of winter my bosom can fear.

" The rill may be fetter'd, the woodlands may fade,
" And die may the daisies which garnish the lea,
" And blustering tempests may ravage the glade,
" But smile shall the Father of mercies on me.

" And bright on my dwelling the Son of his love,
" The cloud of his glory shall cause to descend.
" I see him enthron'd in the mansions above,
" And hymning immortals to praise him contend.

" How sweet to the pilgrim yon regions of day,
" How fair is the rose and how lovely the flower
" Where pure living fountains eternally play,
" And warbles the song from the Amaranth bower!

" Nor vapour nor tempest deform the glad year,
" Nor pestilent season brings death or disease;
" No sorrow they feel, and no mischief they fear
" With Jesus that dwell in the mansions of peace.

" Along the bright mountains and o'er the green hills
" Which glow in the beams of Shechinah they range,
" And rest on the border of clear-streaming rills
" Exulting in pleasures that never can change.

" No charming enchantment beguiles my fond heart
" At the touch of misfortune to fade from my view.
" I feel how the anguishing bosom can smart,
" And yet that the hope of the Christian is true.

The Angels and the Shepherds.

GABRIEL, indulgent spirit! say,
How swift before the sons of morn,
On golden wing, you led the way,
To sing the babe in Bethlem born.

Ye left afar the gilded tow'rs
Which crown'd the sacred hill of God;
And royal Salem's princely bow'rs,
Of wealth and pow'r the proud abode.

Ye saw the simple shepherd swain,
Depriv'd of shelter and of sleep;
The lonely night, on Bethlem's plain,
Around the fold his vigils keep.

And closer drew the sable shrowd,
More lightly fann'd the silent air,
And listen'd from the bending cloud,
To hear the swain his hope declare.

He long'd to see the happy day,
When Judah, from his bondage freed,
Should wipe his bitter tears away,
And hail the long-expected seed.

Angelic hosts! ye hush'd the air,
Ye chain'd the lion in his den;
Rebuk'd the wolf and grisly bear,
Which prowling sought the crowded pen.

Bade fierce Sabean wander wide,
Or his destructive ravage cease,
While Gabriel drew the cloud aside,
And loud proclaim'd the Prince of Peace.

" Fear not; for, lo, I tidings bear
" To you, and all below the skies;
" The best that ever met the ear,
" Th' incarnate God in Bethlem lies.

" This day he first beholds the light:
" And this the sign; the babe you'll find
" In swaddling clothes, so meanly dight,
" And to the humble crib resign'd."

With eager hand, ye grasp'd the lyre;
Your fingers quiver'd o'er the string;
Your bosoms glow'd with warm desire,
The praises of the Lamb to sing.

And oft ye wish'd the tidings told;
Your heart the joy could scarce contain.
He ceas'd; ye struck your harps of gold,
And pour'd the high, seraphic strain.

From ev'ry string, and ev'ry tongue,
The anthem flew along the sky;
With peace to men the valleys rung,
And glory to the God on high.

Shepherds! ye saw the shadows part,
And glory rush o'er all the plain;
Ye saw, while terror chill'd your heart,
The Cherub, and his shining train.

Ye saw the immortal spirits play
Along the silvery clouds of night;
Or ranged in fair but dread array,
And crown'd with radiance beaming bright.

The fairest face, the kindest eye,
The loveliest form that e'er had shone,
That night ye witness'd in the sky,
When Gabriel left your Father's throne.

As, loud and sweet, the Cherub sung,
" Messiah reigns, your Saviour dear;"
The sweetest notes that ever rung,
It was your happy lot to hear.

As heaven above, and earth below,
The holy rapt'rous music fill'd,
The joys that glowing seraphs know,
Swift through your panting bosoms thrill'd.

But ah! how short the wondrous scene,
A scene that never shall return,
Till bright the parting skies between,
Around the Judgment-seat they burn.

How blest to leave this dusky pole,
And mingle with the hosts above;
To hear the loud hosannas roll,
And kindle in eternal love!

To drink the clear and living streams;
To walk the fields of endless day;
To bask in Jesus' potent beams,
And melt in ponderous bliss away!

THE SAGES AND THE STAR.

THY piercing eye, fair Science raise,
From Media's hills, or Babel's plain,
And see that rising meteor blaze,
With peace and mercy in its train.

It shakes no red and twisted hair,
As o'er the wild it beams afar,
Proclaiming from the troubled air,
In vulgar ear, the storm of war.

Nor potent burning plague it brings,
Deep-charg'd with ev'ry frightful woe,
Suck'd from Infection's rotten springs,
To punish giant crime below.

In bright effulgence on the view,
It smiles along the starry frame,
And tells a ruin'd world and you,
A Saviour's birth, a Saviour's name.

Regardless of the heavenly signs,
And yon bright sun's attractive sway,
To western realms it onward shines,
And calls, " arise and come away."

The God that spread the spangled skies,
And fix'd each little beaming star,
A tender babe at Bethlem lies,
In Judah's favour'd land afar.

He saw you watch the live long night,
To view the wonders of his hand,
Approving saw, and sent this light,
To guide you through the desert land.

With you the Gentiles shall rejoice,
That long in hell-black night have lain;
Now shall you hear the Saviour's voice,
And triumph in his peaceful reign.

Now shall your happy souls ascend,
From rolling suns, from Nature's plan,
And all their mighty vigour bend
To reach the highest end of man.

The Christian faith shall purge the eye
That gazes on the spheres above;
And, whilst it wanders in the sky,
Conduct it to the God of love.

Ye Cherubim that sweetly sung,
When God adorn'd the glowing pole,
Saw ye the burning meteor flung,
From his right hand in air to roll?

Or gather'd ye the sparkling rays,
That play'd around the solar car,
And form'd remote in deeps of space,
Or pois'd in air, that friendly star?

While stooping from his glittering sphere,
Each planet as he roll'd along,
Check'd for a while his swift career,
To view the work, and hear the song.

And Mercy's herald did ye guide,
Before the sages' joyous eye,
Across the desert, and the tide,
Till o'er the crib it blaz'd on high?

The Christian's Wish.

Song ii. 17. " Until the day break and the shadows flee away."

O 'tis a dark and dreary vale,
Where I am forc'd to stray;
And black the clouds that still prevail,
And hide the cheerful day.

I lift a longing look on high,
And mourn my distant home;
I pierce that curtain with my cry,
" O let thy kingdom come !"

Dim Nature's light, a little star,
With ineffectual ray,
And feebly twinkling from afar,
Can ne'er direct my way.

The beaming lamp of heavenly grace
Looks glorious from above,
And shows with mild and kindling rays
The Saviour's mighty love.

Though lovely shines the silver moon,
And half restores the day,
I feel the want of rosy noon,
To chace the shades away.

The land of rest is darklyseen,
When brightest skies appear,
And brighest burns yon lamp serene,
By those that wander here.

And oft the shades of sin and hell,
Their dismal night display;
At once the view that pleas'd so well,
And all its joys decay.

And oft my Father hides his face,
And leaves my soul to mourn,
And sad and slow my path I trace,
Until his light return.

Eternal day! arise and shine;
Thy floods of glory roll,
With all these holy joys of thine,
Upon my weary soul.

Let nature end, and grace resign,
Her happy reign to thee;
And close the high, the vast design,
Which crowns the dread decree.

Till then, my Saviour, burst the skies,
And bless me with a smile;
Dispel the killing fears that rise,
And all my griefs beguile.

Bound as the hart, or nimble roe,
O'er hills and mountains high;
The choicest gifts on me bestow,
That men on earth enjoy.

The Disembodied Christian.

In yonder vale I wander'd long,
And wept the dreary tombs among,
The bitter ills of life;
I saw the tempest round me rave,
And sweep my comforts to the grave;
And ceaseless was the strife.
Along the dang'rous lonely road,
With weary, tottering steps I trode,
Beneath my living clay,
Which mould'ring in the wind and rain,
Sunk fast into the dust again,
Now to the worms a prey.
I hear the fierce the deadly war,
And, bursting from the cloud afar,
I see the lightning red;
Beneath my feet the thunders roll,
And shake yon dark and reeling pole,
And strike the mortal head.

I see the fated victim fly
To shun the terrors of the sky,
As I before have done;
But all his striving shall be vain,
The flitting spirit to retain
When once his race is run.

My race is o'er, the prize is won,
My everlasting bliss begun,
And every evil gone;
See, see, the trooping angels come,
Upon their wings to bear me home,
Sent from my Father's throne.

I see the palm that I shall bear,
And crown of gold my head shall wear,
Bought with my Saviour's blood;
Warm on my heart I feel the joy,
Which ever shall my harp employ;—
I live on angels' food.

My breast in fire seraphic glows,
I drink the stream of life that flows
Pure from the throne divine;
My Saviour's face I now shall see,
Who died and rose again for me,
And in his presence shine.
Now, now I shall for ever share
The place of rest, his hands prepare,
And join the hymning band,
That sing, while kindling rapture swells
Each bosom, endless glory dwells
In our Immanuel's land.
Come, now, attending angels, come,
And waft me to my promis'd home;
Haste, haste, the skies explore—
I mount, I fly, I burst away,
I mingle with eternal day,
And sin and weep no more.

The Ascending Christian.

THE earth has vanish'd from my view;
I climb the steeps of ether blue;
Light as the passing wind I swim,
And rapid as the solar beam.

I stretch through the unmeasur'd height,
While shining angels on me wait,
Their ev'ry feature beaming love,
And welcome to the seats above.

As through the voids of space I float,
The trumpet pours its heavenly note;
And music from a thousand strings,
Along the empyrean rings.

The sun and starry frame decay,
As upward still I hold my way;
Their beams that cheer'd my sight before,
Lost in the gulph, are seen no more.

But, hark! the kindred spirits tell
What glories in their mansions dwell;
What words salute their joyful ear;
What scenes before their eyes appear;

And what the ever-blooming joys,
The bliss that never, never cloys.
"You soon shall reach," I hear them say,
"The precincts of eternal day.

"Lo! yonder rising on the eye,
"Built on eternal mountains high,
"The city of the mighty God,
"Where men redeem'd have their abode.

" See, how the many-colour'd rays
" Of burnish'd gold, and jewels blaze ;
" Which, sweeter far than earthly morn,
" The gates, and walls, and tow'rs adorn.

" How broad and pure the golden street,
" Where crowding saints and angels meet !
" No lattice there, but full, and bright,
" And near, the uncreated light.

" The glory of the God of grace,
" Refulgent in your Saviour's face ;
" In mild but awful splendour shown,
" Upon the highest, brightest throne.

" Nor circling sun illumes the day,
" Nor changeful moon-beams nightly play ;
" No sublunary joys impart
" Their pleasure to the Christian's heart.

" He needs them not :—Shechinah pours
" A flood of light from all his stores.
" There, in the blaze of endless day,
" The purchas'd nations gladly stray.

" In high and holy converse prove
" The bliss of pure, seraphic love,
" Enjoying in their high estate,
" Whate'er is rich, and good, and great.

" No cruel foe their peace invades ;
" Their taintless pleasure never fades ;
" Nor chilling rumour, big with harm,
" E'er fills their bosom with alarm.

" But girdled by their walls and tow'rs,
" And guarded by these heav'nly pow'rs,
" And shielded by their Saviour's care,
" They fear, nor force, nor secret snare.

" Through verdant vales, and flow'ry meads,
" His streams the crystal river leads ;
" From Life's eternal throne it strays,
" And swelling tides of joy conveys.

" Now shall you reap the fruit of tears,
" Sown through a length of stormy years ;
" Now shall you meet those friends again,
" For whom we heard you sore complain.

" And countless saints and angels there,
" Their kingly crown with you shall share.
" The tree of life shall bless your sight,
" With golden fruit your taste delight.

" Beneath his green and spreading boughs,
" The harp shall lull you to repose ;
" And, in seraphic pleasures deep,
" Your pow'rful senses ever steep.

" Your list'ning ear shall now rejoice
" To drink Immanuel's gracious voice;
" Now shall you fly to his embrace,
" And gaze upon his godlike face;

" Shall share with him his iv'ry throne,
" And praise with us the HOLY ONE.
" In white array'd, where Jesus leads,
" To gentle streams, and verdant meads,

" To see the lilies of the vale,
" And Sharon's rose perfume the gale,
" Your willing feet shall gladly go;
" And God shall dry your tears of woe."

Enough; exert a swifter wing:—
Haste, to that glorious mansion bring
My kindling soul, the joys to prove
Which flow from my Redeemer's love.

These hands shall strike the golden lyre,
With greater than seraphic fire;
I'll rush into the shouting throng
And swell the current of their song,

That through the glittering palace rings,
Delightful from ten thousand strings;
I'll tell that list'ning company,
The wonders Grace has done for me.

Then kneel with them the throne before,
And Him who died for men adore;
So let me spend th' eternal day,
In singing, HALLELUIA.

THE END.

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